

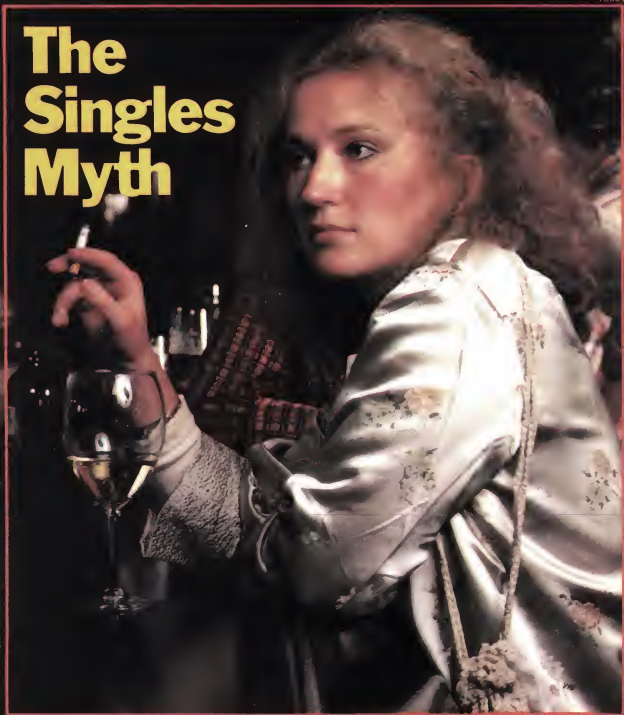
JUNE 12, 1978

CANADA'S NEWSMAGAZINE

# Maclean's

70001

## The Singles Myth







# Interview

With Claude Ryan

When Claude Ryan announced in early April that he would accept the leadership of the Québec Liberal party, he was not so much entering public life as leaving one public position and running for another. As publisher of the influential *Le Devoir*, he had been an important political voice in Québec for 14 years. Following the victory of the Parti Québécois in November 1976, he joined the Liberal party in earnest, he emerged as the principal voice of opposition to the government in Québec. Some felt that his astute machinations and his often dry, understated style would be a handicap for a politician; however, after a three-month campaign, he defeated former Liberal finance minister Raymond Gauthier by a decisive 2-to-1 margin. Although Québec Liberal's Bryce McCreary resigned his seat in Notre-Dame-de-Grâce ostensibly to make way for the new leader, Ryan chose not to run in the July 5 by-election, but to spend his time working on party reorganization. Last month he spent an evening in the isolated study of his Outremont home talking with *Maclean's* Montreal bureau chief Graham Fraser.

**Maclean's:** How do you find the adjustment from journalism to politics?

**Ryan:** Well, it's not as difficult as you'd imagine. I'm used to a system in which I inspired myself by being inclined to sign "Claude Ryan, *directeur de Devoir*." I suddenly had to remind myself that I am now leader of the Québec Liberal party. It's a very, very big change.

**Maclean's:** How would you describe this difference?

**Ryan:** You see across people all the time who recognize you and express opinions on what they hope you will do and what you will be. But you are inclined to think, "There can't be all these expectations!" and you suddenly realize that almost any time you could be in the premier's chair and be called upon to make the big decisions regarding industrial development or economic policy and you wonder if you will have all the qualifications and support you need to make the right decisions and see that they are implemented in the same spirit in which they were made. That is frightening when you think of it.

**Maclean's:** Did you find the decision not to run in Notre-Dame-de-Grâce difficult?

**Ryan:** It was difficult because I was receiving contradictory advice. As the end of the decade Adèle Gauthier says you should go, an equally close adviser says you should stay. And you're got to make your decision.

**Maclean's:** If delays in the house are deliberate, aren't you in the safe, aren't you a danger you're going to be severely cut off from the public if you don't have a seat?

**Ryan:** I'm not so much afraid of that, to be frank. I get a lot more coverage if I give a press conference in Montreal than I will



**People forget that parliament has been cut off from a lot of very vital areas of society**

making a speech in Québec City. In Québec City it's always the press gallery with its houses, preferences, prejudices. It's a broader pool in Montreal, you know. But it inevitably creates strains. There were strains during Mr. Lévesque's absence from the house: there were strains between Mr. Lévesque and the parliamentary wing of the group when Mr. Lévesque was outside of the house. There are bound to be strains arising between myself or my leadership and the constituency made by the parliamentary wing in Québec City. I think I would have been a shoo-in in N-D-G, but the work I want to do in the house for months can better be accomplished outside of the house. One morning for instance I want to be able to go and talk with the Québec Federation of Labor. Another morning with the leaders of the Québec Farmer Union or the Montreal Chamber of Commerce. If I were always in the house, that would have to be ruled out. Some people have a curious theory about parliament. They say parliament is the issue of our political system and if you're not in parliament you cannot make the contributions expected of a leader. They forget that parliament has been cut off

from a lot of very vital areas of our society. Parliament has become less in its procedural wrangles. It has a grammar, a language of its own, which is understood by the ordinary people.

**Maclean's:** Did the entire making of the N-D-G riding is relatively high concentration of English speaking voters play a role in your choice?

**Ryan:** It had not been leader of the party. I would have been delighted to accept the invitation to serve. But when you are the leader of a party, you've got to think in bigger terms, in terms of your entire constituency which in my case is the whole of Québec. Nobody can blame me for hoping to be given the chance to run in a riding which will be a fair reflection of the general makeup of the population of Québec. Mr. [René] Lévesque tried to label me as the man who had been elected by the Anglos and thus he added the French because he realized that suggesting I'd been elected by the Anglos was completely stupid. But it changed nothing. If he had been close to that race he would have known that the French were rather passive bystanders. Then, when he realized that the convention was very little influenced by Anglophone delegates—too little by the way—they had only 151 delegates out of 2,416, he tried to argue that I had drawn my financial contributions from Anglophone sources. He's completely wrong. Of more than 5,000 donors, about 75 per cent were French-speaking, which means that we were extremely close to the makeup of the general population.

**Maclean's:** When you made the decision to seek the Liberal leadership, did there seem to be a large element of risk involved?

**Ryan:** Yes, there was. Even the people in my riding I can't tell me how they will perform in that sense. I had to place myself to my people. Especially during these public meetings with Mr. Raymond Gauthier. They had strong hopes that I would do well in personal contacts, but they didn't know I would not know how to do it. They had to see how I would adjust to the pressure of situations which require immediate intervention by the prospective leader.

**Maclean's:** It has made you make it into a very big effort.

**Ryan:** Well tomorrow Montreal has five nights for a meeting with millions from five ridings. It was attended by 500 or 600 people. I got a standing ovation upon arriving, a standing ovation after I had spoken. Questions were addressed to me in a very cordial manner. These signs don't lie. When



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was as reported right after night and we had reports about the kind of reception Mr. Gauthier was getting at the same place. It was pretty easy to see that the trend was favorable.

**Maclean's:** What kind of pressure do you feel from the expectations that the rest of Canada has for you?

**Ryan:** I think the overall reaction was summed up well by Gerald Chert in *The Montreal Star* a few days ago. He said the rest of Canada realizes that those of us who are responsible for political affairs in Quebec will be a tough bargain. What he wants to get may not be totally different from what Lévesque wants to get, but the difference is that Ryan is a conservative while Lévesque is a democrat. Let's take the usual coin toss dispute. My position is the same as that of Mr. Lévesque. I'm against the way the federal government approached that matter, but while Lévesque uses the most tender words to describe the so-called federal pig, I consider that position as reflecting a lack of judgment, a lack of realism. But it does not put the whole system in jeopardy in my judgment. You can still gain a lot out of the present system, while keeping all the advantages that go with it.

**Maclean's:** What kind of effort have you found and your upbringing had on your development?

**Ryan:** Well, I think I derived my fundamental principles from my family upbringing. My mother in particular. My personal approach to work, for instance, to the role of the individual in the community, to the assumption of responsibility in life came from her. I went to college—mostly a lot of French Canadian. That also had a great influence on my philosophy.

**Maclean's:** Was there a teacher or an author who had a particular influence on you?

**Ryan:** The authors who had the greatest influence on me were the so-called "Three Ms": Jacques Maritain, who was a great political philosopher; Étienne Gilson. Then I was interested in the fathers of the church and the great religious writers: St. Augustine and St. Thomas Aquinas and John Henry (Cardinal) Newman in the 19th century. At the School of Industrial Relations and Social Work, I got in touch with the social democratic movement, the British labor movement. I read the Fabians and then more modern authors like Harold Lasker. As I went into the media, the 1940s, I got in touch with the leadership of the core party here, the Conservatives, the Liberals, the Social Democrats and I was inspired because the leaders were so close to ordinary people like myself. Then I became involved in the Catholic Action Organization. I had to give up my B.S. thesis with the C.F.

**Maclean's:** Since 20 or 30 years before dropping out of school even in regard, you decided not to complete your degree. Why was that?

**Ryan:** Well look, I was involved in practical work at the time. Part of our training was called field work and I was asked to

serve in the Catholic Action Organization. I became deeply involved and for intellectual standards at the school were not as high as I hoped they would be, so I felt that degree would be a waste or less an intellectual pursuit. Our papers were often read by a secretary, not by the teachers themselves so I thought to myself, "It won't be a party to that." I wanted to be involved in the more militant way of life. I was convinced



Events have taught me that Lévesque and his nationalism could also produce intolerance

that I must have written hundreds and hundreds of pages during those years, some of which I still have very proud of. For example, I wrote a book on the intellectual life of the Christian militant. I felt that in order to be a good witness to the Christians, you have to have strong intellectual roots in your religious experience. The really beautiful moments in the life of the church have always been moments where genuine piety went along with thorough intellectual grounding of the message. There was nothing so beautiful as seeing the mind of a young worker develop with the help of all these intellectual arguments which we were placing at their disposal. I've read all kinds of vile things about the work of Cardinal Arévalo, especially when Préfesseur jeunesse try to explain what we were doing. It's all part of that false dialogue of the great churches which is supposed to have originated in Quebec until the Second year of God, 1968 as if we had all been a bunch of fools before 1968 and the light had appeared after Mr. Lévesque took power. That's completely divorced view of our history. You had a lot of intelligent, free-minded people working up until before 1968 and you've had a lot of foolish people after 1968 proclaiming themselves agencies of enlighten-

ment who are the stupidest minds that I've seen in work.

**Maclean's:** Over the many years of Quebec politics it is the image of how that people in the possession of power have known their power. Does that add a dimension of vision to the current debate?

**Ryan:** No. I think those commentators have rather little to do with what is going on today. Québec's history provides the most accurate and logical picture in that time, so it was not that that misled us. Leaders to be should come together and realize that union. But then each one went his own way. My Trudeau went to break in the University of Montreal, Mr. Lévesque went his own way. I went my own way. We were all in on an idea formed by making experience.

**Maclean's:** Was the 1970 October Crisis a turning point in your political thinking?

**Ryan:** Not at all. I brought in the book *Obscurity*. I haven't changed my attitude. The crisis I wrote during that period. I would write again today. But two things I would perceive differently today. First, I suggested at the time that English Canada had reacted in a certain manner and French Canada in another manner. I think I was wrong, because in Quebec there was also a strong minority of French Canadians in favor of the government line. A conservative in both Canada, so to speak, was rather ordered to support a government line. Second, when I said I felt close to the fundamental position of Lévesque, I meant that in terms of individual liberties. Lévesque had shown an attachment to some values that was closer to my own position than to that of Trudeau. But subsequent events taught me that Lévesque and his nationalism could also produce a brand of intolerance unacceptable to me.

**Maclean's:** If you are elected premier, and the crisis in Paris and that day in the streets, what would your response be?

**Ryan:** Well, I would stick to the agreement that was made, that if they ever returned they would have to live under our criminal laws. I would expect that justice would prove to be humane and understanding, but the principle must be preserved here that a person who has previously committed a criminal action must be answerable for his actions before the courts.

**Maclean's:** Although you did criticize Jean-Pierre Labrecq in 1973 you revised your position in a remarkable editorial three years later. Do you have any regrets?

**Ryan:** No, not at all. In November 1976 it appeared to me that there had been a tragic collapse of the leadership of the Parti progressiste (Progressive) that the party which had not contested with that kind of leadership did not deserve to be retained. And since the party had decided to put between leaders the leadership aspect of its officials, I felt it was the right time to step down in power. I felt there were lessons to be drawn from the experience which they would undergo in power and I think these have proven me right. We got a chance to know them



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better. We could appreciate that they are not at all the miracle workers they appear to be. He is the kind of guy who, like Thatcher's cousin of luxury which I would like to distinguish and for off. I was reading that day that day in the early of 1970 had discussed with Lévesque, LaBerge and other people the possibility of forming a national unity government in Quebec. That's completely wrong. I never discussed such a matter with Lévesque or LaBerge or anyone else outside of Le Devoir. We had had an editorial conference at Le Devoir and we examined all possible hypotheses that might develop.

**Maclean's:** One person you had discussed that with was Lucien St-Laurent, whom then Jean Drapeau's right hand man.

**Ryan:** Yes, St-Laurent. He was an old friend of mine and after we had discussed three or four hypotheses, we felt we had to test them with someone, just for the sake of clarity. So I went to see Mr. St-Laurent. That's all that occurred. I never discussed this matter with Lévesque or with anyone else.

**Maclean's:** But the hypothesis you discussed with St-Laurent was of a national government?

**Ryan:** No, we had to consider three possible scenarios. First, a situation in which the governments would talk to a third line. Two, a situation in which they would opt for a flexible line in which case we would support them. And thirdly, a situation in which their authority would more or less collapse. In this case we said what would they do? Well, they would have to talk of forming a national unity government for a while. They would have to do that, not as **Maclean's:** When was the discussion?

**Ryan:** Thursday after I spoke to Drapeau. It was a Sunday. We were here had a two or three-hour discussion. I don't recall the exact date and we felt we had to examine it thoroughly from all possible angles.

**Maclean's:** And for the story series to have had a certain despatch.

**Ryan:** Well, it's part of the legend of this period, you know. There related those reports perhaps 30 years, but the legend persists, and you've got to get reconciled to that fact. It never left any secretary with me.

**Maclean's:** Are you going to be able to show that people who had been attracted toward the Parti Québécois?

**Ryan:** Well several PQ supporters have already moved to Quebec, pragmatic people who are not particularly dedicated to ideological positions. But the real challenge will be with the new generation. They are more inclined to see the other side of the story rather than one side, the separatist side, which has been the case in the last 10 years. I look at my kids, for instance. I have five kids in the house. Three have reached an age where they can understand these problems and they approach it rationally. They look at the two sides. They want to know about the separatist version of history, the separatist view of the future, but

they also want to look at the other side and they feel they will end up on the side which offers the most reasonable interpretation and challenge. That was the spirit in which **Maclean's** new will the referendum fight be fought?

**Ryan:** Well, I have the impression that they will try and come up with honest questions which must work in their favor, or perhaps of the answer given by the people. Mr. Lévesque will not be able to avoid that.



The referendum must be a fundamental choice, a question of A or B; it can't be A plus B

young has had one part of the referendum should deal with the attitude of Quebecers on the question of independence. And another question would ask them if they were in favor of some new economic association or deal with the rest of Canada. Let's suppose Quebecers answer "no" to the question on a independence and "yes" to the question about a new economic deal with Canada. The government can say they respect independence implicitly. They began to obtain a new economic association if the right of the rest of the country is negative, they came back and say we're trying to obtain that, they're not and so look at all the times they said no in the past 100 years, good as a mandate to do whatever is good in your best interest. That's what I expect—some devoted question which would give them an apparent right to show they had been a candidate to negotiate with the rest of Canada.

**Maclean's:** If the referendum proposal were adopted, English Canada might say: The province's asked, we don't have to worry about it anymore. Does that concern you?

**Ryan:** Yes, if the question is put as a very next time and the answer is negative, the position would be strong in the rest of Canada to say. Well now you had your say, you want to stay in Confederation, here are the terms. The only way to escape that risk

is for those who favor the federal option to make a case before the referendum if they want to maintain the federal system, but they also want the federal system to be modified and to put forward some specific proposals. But I do hope the referendum finally boils down to a clearest answer: no between yes and no. It's a final answer to the choice. It's got to be A or B. I don't think it can be.

**Maclean's:** Two years ago you spoke of a situation. Recently, you said that you foresaw a different sense for Quebec in Confederation. What do you mean by a different sense?

**Ryan:** Oh, I used that expression 10 years ago. It's nothing new. I wrote 10 years ago that Quebec forms a distinct society, a money economy that it has a distinct social identity which must be recognized, the constitutional arrangements for the future, and I haven't changed my mind. My position is fundamentally the same. It's at that time I wrote that we were not in a distinct society as such but that because of the differences in Quebec, there would have to be so practical, different economic and administrative arrangements regarding Quebec in several areas of governmental intervention. I still speak a national identity which is typical of Quebec. I say for the rest of Canada define it well. Let Quebecers stop applying an adjective or a description to the rest of Canada which they may not want to be applied to themselves. They want to consider themselves as one, two or three distinct communities, it's their problem.

**Maclean's:** One final question. Since you're elected, I've seen you described sometimes as ultra nationalists, a nationalist and a anti nationalist. Are you a nationalist?

**Ryan:** Well look, everything depends on the definition of that word. If you ask St. Jean Baptiste Society of Montreal if the typical Parti Québécois nationalist would say no, he is the anti-nationalist, he would say no. He is the nationalist, he would say yes. If you ask the separatist English Canadian, always from Ottawa, Canada or even Toronto, he will say yes. It is the typical Quebecer nation that I think must find somewhere between these extreme positions. I am situated primarily in fundamental theories. These theories are to respect to any language, any religion or religious or party affiliation or any loyalty. In this sense I am not a nationalist because I prefer my freedom at though for instance any freedom of expression, it is the freedom of the French-Canadian a lot. A man cannot give their flag to a religion, their flag because they will be of basic human nature. But liberty has a proper in a national context and it is the case of a person who was born in Quebec the project continues Quebec. In this sense it is a Quebec nationalism. I think I am in touch with our institutions, our philosophy of life, but not to generate this way of life. I think there's a lot to be doing for the people in the broader Canadian framework.

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# A neighborly view of separatism: either way there's something in it for the U.S.

Column by Bill Brandt

Putting Canadian dear perspective has always been rather difficult for us in the United States. Early images were often caricatures of Hollywood moguls, resulting in the impression that most Canadians were selfish, money players. Eubanks or Muskrats who always got their own, and occasionally Jeanne McDonald. As the Cold War became an obsession in the late '50s, Canada came to be perceived as a traitor, a traitor vigilantly scanning her radar screen for suspicious ships at every one's eye outposts.

While the turbulent '60s divided most of America's attention between domestic strife or the U.S.'s terror of becoming the wrong side in a nuclear war, Canada would still periodically intrude itself into the States' national consciousness. These intrusions were, by consensus, a welcome side effect of the country's steady and rich diet of chase and conflict, as these dramas featured a newly elected, photograph-prone premier taking charge up north. Such frequent reports chronicled this newly elected photographic president (winning either) Barbara Streisand and finally, courtship and marriage a prototype, and even the president's divorce. Then, at least, Canada seemed an island of tranquillity in a world gone mad.

For reasons not yet now beginning to re-emerge as their difficulties started to subside, problems in Canada seemed to grow. As America's domestic turmoil began to fade, Canada's country of the U.S. was on the apron. We got out of Vietnam, and Margaret Trudeau got out of a marriage. The best hour of the Great Day of Canada Times began what they say, and despite America's own ugly crisis of a century or so ago, today we can more readily identify with a wife leaving the prime minister than with a province leaving the federation.

All this aside, the issue is your identity: whether Canada will remain united, the growing concern in my country is what will happen if it does not. Should Lévesque and company triumph, the subsequent communications for Canada will appear, at this juncture, to have not been entirely thought through, or worse, purposefully pushed from Canada's collective mind less thoughts of strategy "left" by the

rest of the world as possible and therefore not in its own interest.

For a growing number down here, this situation lends itself to an old form of "Island Mentality" and the feeling that should the Parti Québécois succeed in dividing her, Canada, a good majority of the remaining provinces might opt for association with a known quantity, the U.S., rather than try to pick up the pieces.



and forces a new, but extremely tenuous, co-existence.

Should the populace of Quebec be somehow persuaded with additional practice of autonomy and vote down Lévesque's scenario, things will be much as they were before all this began. No forces will still be spread strategically by over all of North America, including Quebec, the vast system of the Maritime will remain under Canadian Navy patrol, the OEW Line will stand uninterfered, and, for foreign investors, economic stability will remain, to a great degree, assured.

Obviously it's therefore possible that this sudden Washington Two World War has proved the strategic value of control of the sea off the Atlantic provinces, and power shifts subsequent to the last conflict have necessitated an electronic device system founded upon continental cooperation. Should Quebec decide to shut her own coast in an already established world defence arrangement once taken for granted come to rely upon the whims of new nation-state leaders.

Many in the U.S. believe that after union by Quebec, no real alternative would exist for several of the provinces but to seek association with this country. The Maritime, it's thought, are in a particularly vulnerable position due to the following factors. One, these provinces would feel isolated from what would be left of Canada, and even more so if Quebec retains sovereignty over the Uprogs, Eastern Canada might be a bit fearful of a Quebec will bring with territorial claims along the Atlantic. Finally, their current economic status could only be exacerbated with the distance to the remaining provinces, and stretched would most likely ensure a more secure financial future.

Variations of the above arguments also apply to another vital region: the far western provinces. The importance of this area's natural resources has never been lost on U.S. investors, and for many years the remoteness of these provinces have indeed had an advantage to attract some of the border.

Although during recent years of Canadian national unity, most attempts were made to reduce this remoteness, it's no secret that the western provinces have long chafed at what they consider second-class treatment by the Toronto business and financial community. Saddled with a new political entity between themselves and the Atlantic ports, the economies of these provinces would become even more integrated with the north, an economic orientation leading to global access.

For the moment, as Alberta's Canada's going on with a detached skepticism, in this, last year's separatist debate often appears more a matter of lifestyle and impact than substance. In truth, the U.S. would be more than happy to see Canada stabilize her difficulties and resume her current world status as a nation, and you wouldn't say. The end over is from having to deal with a host of potentially explosive issues, if, nothing else, would guarantee a freely dependable source of neutral "peace keeping" forces for use in the inevitable opening U.S.-foreign policy disaster.

William Brandt Jr. is a cartoonist and commentator on the subject in Chicago.

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## Letters

The view depends so much on where you're standing

In the article, *God Bless America* (May 15), Mackinnon's comments on my April visit to Washington: "His request—made through the Canadian embassy—for a full-level



Morris Oke, the journalist he had been killed

welcome was refused, but she said a deputy minister offered to let him see Canadian Desk director John Rees. The first of his breakfast with journalists was no picnic: "Pre-coverage was trash." As no time was planned that I would inevitably try to get a "high-level welcome," and a request was not made through the Canadian embassy, my assistant, Deputy-Minister Richard Poirier, met Roux; but this meeting had no relation at all with the alleged refusal: I am supposed to have suffered. As to the press coverage of my breakfast speech, there was nothing scary about it. It was a

there were slightly more newsmen than usual for this type of gathering.

CLAUDE MORIN  
MINISTER OF INTERGOVERNMENTAL  
AFFAIRS, QUEBEC CITY

*Adaptation to climate for the future*

### Where credit's due

Thank you for the story. Schizophrenia and the *Pravda* Connection (May 15). I wish to point out that the clinical study of penicillin was conducted by Dr. Guy Chouinard. Without his enthusiastic help the project would have been impossible.

DR. DAVID F. HOSSEIN  
CLINICAL RESEARCH INSTITUTE  
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He's not a Culture, he's a diplomat.

In his column *Joe and Pierre* (May 1), Allan Fotheringham states that Joe Clark failed law school 1 week the liberty of chiding with the register here at Dalhousie University and was told that Clark successfully completed his year and was eligible to continue his law studies if he had so wished.

A. PETERSIDDIQI  
DEAN, ADMINISTRATIVE STUDIES  
DALLHOUSIE UNIVERSITY, HALIFAX

It takes a Herculean effort

In his *Referendum Debate* column, *Why Many Politicians Deny That Most Feel of Issues*... (May 1), Leon Dine says that Quebec is "determined to gain nothing less than perfect equality." He goes on to make it clear that this means equality of Quebec with the other nine provinces combined.

"one on one." This is simply a variant of "bilingualism-association." English-speaking Canadians are constantly told that they should try to know and understand French-speaking Canadians. Perhaps some French-speaking Canadians should try to know and understand the rest of us. BEING FORBID THE RESULTS OF CANADA  
1979

*A. gracilis* larval recruitment and

Roy MacGregor's sports column *And Now More's the Sports News* (April 17) raises questions that would embarrass most sportsmen in our country. It certainly made me stop and think about some of the procedures I use in my daily sport about. Far too many writers see their function as "promoters" instead of "reporters." About MacGregor's comments I say "Hear, hear!" I hope it has caused some of my colleagues to stop and reflect on their approach to their work as well.

上海江森自控系统有限公司

<sup>1</sup>Well, they know what they don't like.

Marshall (a) Barbara Amiel for her column on censorship. Anyone Who Supports Censorship Is Warranted (May 1) is possibly the most important problem: that censors are almost universally unqualified to make artistic pronouncements. The simple reason for this is I think that anyone qualified to make artistic pronouncements would not be a censor. The idea of a good film critic banning Louis Malle's *Private Desire* is absurd. How more absurd for the Chinese government to ban a film it did not see.

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# Superb.





Left to right around Betty Kennedy (centre right) are just a few of Betty's friends who have been on her show: **WOMEN Margaret Atwood, Arthur Hailey, Stuart Smith—Leader of George Liberal Party, The Honourable Bill Davis—** Premier of Ontario and Stephen Leves—**all P.C.** Ontario New Democratic Party

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**CFRB 1010**

**The people people listen to**

I feel that Barbara Amiel has been harassed by the American media, which equates freedom of the individual with doing whatever one likes. This is handled as the Western ideal. It is not, however, and never has been, a Canadian ideal.

ERIC RAIL, CAMBRIDGE, ONT.

I would like to add words of praise to Barbara Amiel's wise and wise-sounding. There is nothing so blatantly repulsive as a board of self-appointed gnomes taking away the liberties of not only liberal-minded citizens but of all citizens. Let's cut a hole in this draconian straitjacket before we are back in the gutter where it doesn't belong.

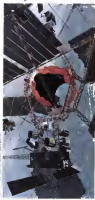
DAVE RICHARDS, AUSTIN, TEXAS, ONT.

It is good to find Barbara Amiel expressing the thoughts of the broad-minded Canadian—an endangered species—on the subject of censorship. If only our censors had something better to do such as censoring art instead of destroying it.

DAVEY FALMER, MONTREAL

### Made in space

Alma Bailey's article on space colonization, "Take a Giant Step (May 1), was very interesting and informative. However, I



Proposed thermal engine satellite: better to fix things up at ground level, isn't it?

have always thought of space exploration as a sad waste of time, money and energy. Can't we take a few small steps backward? We are running ahead so fast, we don't

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shop long enough to pick up the garbage left on our trail, to replace the life we mowed down. We should be spending more time on making this a good place to live, rather than on tacking gum strips into space.

KAREN BAILEY-CALGARY

### Breeder's first aid

I find your article *When Mother And Child Are Not Doing Well* (May 1) left the impression that Toronto does not have perinatal facilities. Such is not the case. A special unit for handling high-risk pregnancies has been in existence in Toronto since 1970 in the Women's College Hospital. This perinatal unit handles over 9000 cases from the Toronto area and also comes in as far away as Timmins in the north. Caring for the east and Georgetown to the west. The facilities for resuscitation and intensive care of newborn are available alongside the delivery area so that sick infants can be spared the disruptive journey to other units.

P. T. JONKUTT M.B. F.R.C.S.C.

OBSTETRICS AND GYNECOLOGY  
WOMEN'S COLLEGE HOSPITAL, TORONTO

### Well, the neediest best with the wind

I found the interview with Celine Dion *O'Leary* (May 1) rather startling. He was more than spirited still even in the secular level of South African life, but at the top it had gone. He went on to back up his statement with very timely evidence: "I actually saw a black man cowering in the deer of the Caribou forest with his arms around a white woman." I fail to see how the Afrikaners in its attempts to connect themselves and others that apartheid is all true are making that policy of superior development come apart.

DAVID ARMBRIST, EDMONTON

### Let us reason together

Three cheers for Margaret Laurence for her *Revelation* Debate column *Quaker's "Freedom" Is A Final Course* (April 17). Marlene has discovered a Canadian with a rational view of the problems confronting our two founding peoples—a Canadian who not only expresses her personality eloquently, but factually as well.

LOU VAUGHAN, TORONTO

### Going to the horses' mouths

I find your article on *It's Time Our Men Show* (April 17), *Beaver* *Swamp* again an excellent. Weaver says and I'm a dancer who says, "If you ask anyone back East who made *Why Shoot The Teacher*, they'll say it was CTV's Larry Heston. *Out West* we all know it was F.B. Prince." If your correspondent had thought it best to interview someone to ask someone who might have asked the only people who really know and care—all of the other people who worked on the film.

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## Preview

### Politician, legislate thyself

Legislators move slowly at the best of times, but when it comes to regulating themselves, they seem to get into champagne-fest-drugging. It has taken a full five years, but the government is finally bringing forward new conflict-of-interest rules for MPs and senators. Proposals to update the century-old rules allowing an MP or senator to do virtually anything but vote for a measure in which he had a direct monetary interest.



Jamieson: stay tuned for new conflict-of-interest rules

were first enacted in 1973, but the scholars. With an eye to some of their lucrative disbursements going down the drain amidst the baronies. In addition, some wealthy cabinet ministers like External Affairs Minister Don Jamieson, who owns a string of Newfoundland radio stations, were not thrilled with the new tough patches. The bill setting down the rules was expected to follow closely earlier recommendations for the establishment of a regulator to whom the rules

and senators could report their holdings in confidence. Well and good, but the bill probably won't be law until next year at the earliest.

### What energy crisis?

In this fuel-conscious era everything from chicken manure to snow power has been suggested as alternative sources of energy. George Butler, a furniture upholsterer turned inventor in Guelph, Manitoba (90 miles north of Winnipeg), thinks he has made his first big fuel-saving discovery using nothing more exotic than plain old-fashioned air. It's a new-fangled compressed-air engine. The engine of course has been around for years operating pick-up trucks and other equipment, but it runs on a steady stream of air and wastes a lot of energy. Butler's version uses a valve to control the flow of air, releasing it in spurts to push the pistons. Butler, who works in a toy shed, says he'd like to build a car to run on his home-made engine. He can now design a car to get the same mileage from a tank of compressed air as it could get on a tank of gasoline. He has already installed the engine in a boat, a lawn mower and a converted snowmobile chassis. To disbelievers who claim it's dangerous and inefficient, he quickly responds that people felt the same way about the first gasoline engine.



Butler: power out of this air



### Boycotting the boycott

The renewed furry over Canadian companies complying with the Arab boycott of Israel is making some Liberal MPs with heavily Jewish ratings very edgy. Interest faded after it was learned that Westinghouse Canada Ltd., which had signed a \$25-million deal with Subyte, had agreed to the boycott. Consequently in the coming months there will be a full-scale attempt by Canada's concerned Jewish community to push the government into a tougher anti-boycott policy. The Canada Israel Committee, representing Canada's 300,000 Jews, will be organizing public meetings, rallies and a high-powered letter-writing campaign to Israeli officials. One spokesman for the committee, however, says: "We'll be using the whole bag of political activism. Anything is possible

### They're banking on Alberta

The shadow of David Rockefeller's looming large over Calgary with the announcement that as soon as it gets clearance from the Canadian government Chase Manhattan Canada Ltd., Rocky's huge banking firm and the largest petroleum bank in the world, will set up a branch in Alberta. "We intend to become a Canadian chartered bank as soon as Parliament passes changes in the Bank Act [proposed within a year] allowing foreign banks to set up branches in Canada."



CHASE

and Alfred Westworth, president of Chase Manhattan Canada. You might think the impending move would produce jitters in the Canadian chartered banks, but when the changes were announced, Canadian bank stocks soared. Money talks.

# Canada

## The smoke-filled rooms of summer



In the hot June sun along Ottawa's Sparks Street Mall there is a bonfire to the union in Trudelle who unemployed or just out of school young people in their assembled hordes between locks at Decker One to scream bars in the capital, at least the prime Canadian one of summer's coming has a certain thought of Quebec, independence, the sketchy dollar and the sales tax. It's a reality that doesn't leave leader Ed Broadbent as he pedals home from work on his three-speed bike. "Right now," he says, "people are tired of politics. As bad as things are, why go on to be interested in its interests or any serious issue?"

The answer, as it turns out, is a self-governing of practitioners and strategists who are using the summer to plan an autumn of hardball politics. The Liberals, in fact, already have launched Phase I in a six summer offensive that saw under the back "political" maneuver—wherever known as getting Pierre Trudeau back on top of the polls. Already the move has been to New York and Washington and as July will attend the economic summit of Western leaders in Britain.

Clark, Trudelle in Washington (above), in Montreal (top right) and Clark getting ready for an autumn of hardball politics.

His fearless opponents, meanwhile, have been cranking out a weekly succession of announcements covering such areas as social services, research, the constitution, energy, automotive parts and housing—material that would have been dubbed out like time-release coffee tablets during the July election that won't be held. These appear, however, to be a certain lack of confidence among Clark about the real test of these measures. Trudelle's office also has ordered each department to issue as good as possible for other cheap but politically safe policy declarations, whether new actions or headlined spending cuts.

For Trudelle, the emphasis on the Big Ball is all too Canadian. It attracts the three-point plan back in the spring, building up to a July election, that paraded Trudelle in late television campaign in New York and Ottawa. That seemed too obvious and many Liberals felt the same way now about Phase I. "We haven't been pro-



Clark, Trudelle in Washington (above), in Montreal (top right) and Clark getting ready for an autumn of hardball politics.

gressing," says one observer, "we've been playing." For Trudelle, Phase I is a deadly serious game. It's his—his, as if he is still to be seen in the polls, after two months—he faces the threat of a challenge to his leadership. The worst sign is all the current whispering in Ottawa these days about "Of Blue Eyes," otherwise known as John Turner, prime minister-in-waiting (or in line depending on the perspective). Again from the unlikely prospect of a

Liberal leader-pulling, Trudelle faces a delicate series of decisions in the next few months. For starters, on October 16 there is the prospect of a state-election campaign in seven provinces. That is the date set for eight by-elections and, with another seven Conservative seats vacant, Trudelle will find it almost impossible to back out of having all 15 seats on the same day. If he dares, he can the by-elections into a general election in the fall. Trudelle then will be running out of time for the summer national re-election approaching him by July, 1978. A setback in 15 fall by-elections after all, would not be the happiest prelude to a general election next spring.

Conservative leader Joe Clark, all this time, appears to have launched down the road. While he has been busy regularly to business in the Commons and delivering a far share of set-piece speeches he has not held a full-fledged Ottawa press conference in more than a year and he is attempting to maintain unblemished exposure to Ottawa reporters. Throughout the summer, however, Clark paid his own version of the outrage bookie. While the left press is also allowed the opportunity to make its own mistakes, Clark also will attempt to address questions about his credibility in two planned media one-on-one interviews, one in Montreal, Quebec, of industrialists and labor leaders on the economy and in August an Ottawa session meeting that will be designed as a platform for "his" candidates campaigning for the first time.

Clark's summer strategy is no less crucial than Trudelle's because the real message from polls is that, while voters may be skeptical about Prime, they have not changed much but not just. This, implicitly, means the message during a campaign that took place mostly between one of Clark's prominent new candidates and one of his aides. The candidate was wearing eloquent about the local troubles on his riding which he felt would ensure his election over the Liberals, but the Clark worker pulled him up when he was interrupted. "You're wrong," the man is Joe Clark.

Whether that's better or worse for the Tory leader will be determined largely by his past failure in long, long-term. If Clark as it's put some, however, to keep his many find himself picking his way through a strong moving back to Pierre Trudeau's side of the road. **BOWEN LEWIS**

### MONTREAL The politics of charm

Where the Parti Quebecois landed heads up on November 1976 one major vision seemed to be Montreal Mayor Rene Drapeau. Claude Charbonneau, who is opposition candidate had wanted Drapeau many a time was partly charged of the Olympic Stadium and, presumably, wanted Drapeau as a member of the committee concerning the stadium's future. The city was forced to pay its share of the Olympic debt, a monu-

ment was placed on extension of the subway system, and there was even talk of leaving Drapeau as a pit Drapeau himself on Montreal.

Now, a year and a half later and five months before the next municipal election, Jean Drapeau is back in control. The mayorism on Metro construction has



Drapeau and rooftop stadium: what better guy to shoot off before they see the light?



ment was partly lifted, the city has committed itself to trying to pay the original roof on the stadium and nobody is talking about the stadium. Metro municipal election reforms may not have Drapeau as much as his opponents and his opposition is now split and divided.

Some think the Quebec-Montreal area is a kind of non-grassroots party. The government will not undertake as old adversary if the mayor will not participate in the referendum debate. "The government as

moving peace with Drapeau," argues Montreal Citizens Movement councillor John Gaudin. "My concern is that they will do anything to neutralize Montreal in the upcoming debate."

Drapeau concludes that his declared neutrality may have helped his relationship with the 70 government. "If I had given signs of preparing my participation in the referendum debate, I would have lost my credibility," he said. However, he argues that the key has been the government's realization that his administration was committed to co-operation all along. "We have no intention in declaring war on anyone."

Clayton Kopp, one of Drapeau's key Olympic advisors and an associate for 20 years, says, "It's been the same for every provincial government since he's been elected. The Liberals in 1966 the Union Nationale in 1966 the Liberals again in 1970 and now the 70. What better guy to make a shot at than the mayor of Montreal? But he would go up in Quebec, and he would charm them. They've all seen the light."

While opposition to Drapeau from Quebec City has been muted, any ball was expected to be. As the Montreal Citizens Movement became embroiled in ideological debate, a group of disenchanted mod-



erates left the party. Now several of the original founders of the MCM are attempting to form a third party, the Montreal Action Group, which has attracted the disaffection of the school of architecture at the University of Montreal, Jean-Charles Morin and Liberal MP Serge Joyal.

While opposition from the group, starting at another Drapeau in 1978 is not surprising. Last month he finished a series of meetings that drew 15,000 Montrealers to hear him speak. Slung by the fact

that the most came from nowhere in 1974 to win 18 votes, he seems disinclined to vote as even stronger grip on the city for itself so freely in the wake of the horrendous defeat of the Olympics, and services that were neglected to bring them to Montreal, it seems understandable—but he may well succeed again.

CHRISTIAN FRIEDER

## NEWFOUNDLAND

### That sinking feeling

The dreaded cry of "Abandon ship!" came as a special shock at the 37 passengers and most of the 91 crew members aboard Canadian National's celebrating ferry Willem Coteau 18 miles off Labrador a year ago this month. They had heard nothing, felt no tremor, yet were loaded into lifeboats in a scene chillingly reminiscent of *A Night to Remember*. Long before the ship had sunk gracefully to the ocean floor three hours later, those were they thought, everything about how the 351-foot, steel-hulled, beluga-hull liner had taken the plunge. Late last month a government inquiry declared the vessel had been holed by ice. The inquiry's report blamed C.N. and Captain Norman Hanks.

Mr. Hanks and Norman Noel said that al-



Hanks, ice is ice whatever its address

though Hanks and his officers had experienced six conditions off the Cabot Strait between Cape Breton and Newfoundland, Labrador ice is for different and far more dangerous. The Coteau's judge com-

manded, "men on the ice" when there was no given necessity to do so. "I've promptly returned that 'men on the ice' and passenger service is a necessity for people living along the northern coastline," and as far as Hanks is concerned, ice is ice whatever its address.

But should ice have been blamed at all? Shortly after the sinking, Maclean's reported through reliable sources that it may have been caused by an improperly repaired bow plate. Although it's correct the charge in the inquiry, testimony indicated that water was pushing into the hull close to the plate line, and that no impact with anything had been felt.

There thus remains the distinct possibility that the Coteau simply spotted itself, with the sea and returned from service.

ROBERT FLAHERTY

## NEW BRUNSWICK

### That old devil spray

As pets go, the spruce budworm looks innocuous enough, a small brown caterpillar barely three quarters of an inch long. But that is the end of innocence. As the most voracious and resilient eaters of Canadian forests (apart, perhaps, from moths), the budworm now threatens 150 million acres of spruce and fir from Ontario to Newfoundland and that could mean the collapse of the forest-based economies of three Atlantic provinces. Unfortunately

the means some provincial governments have chosen to fight all this devastation—overchemicals—carry their own potential for trouble. This spring, for example, one of the ingredients planned for use in the New Brunswick spray machine had to be abruptly ruled out because it may induce cancer. And as long as this year's spraying isn't at least temporarily delayed with a somewhat fatal children's disease.

In late May, in the light green leaves of hardwoods, cancer and poison the death of great quantities of softwoods and reddish-brown deciduous on the river valleys, to burn the annual crop, another family light appeared in the skies over New Brunswick during Second World War. Avenger bombers, starting their annual spraying season against the budworm, started the removal of a half-century's pest. In early spring but once since 1952 and that has cost nearly \$77 million in return. Most of the forest has stayed green, instead of becoming the greyish-brown woodland that is the trademark of a budworm-ravaged stand. But recently, during the recent deluge, the sprayers have also guaranteed a forest food supply for the worms—A C 22 that has caused the budworm epidemic and the spraying much longer than any body had ever anticipated. There is a considerable evidence that left to their own devices, the budworm would have banished themselves out as they did in the 1920s. Last fall the budworm egg-corn in Newfoundland where there had been no spraying, dropped by 40 per cent. It



Quarrel, daughter Francine, budworm (left) in Coteau-22 a recipe for cancer?

sprayed New Brunswick, a rise by 30 per cent.

Along with the perpetrating budworms, debate over the spraying's efficiency and its health hazards has split brother provinces. In Nova Scotia, where at least 1 million cords of wood in the Cape Breton Highlands could be lost, the provincial government this spring determinedly opted not to spray. It was said Premier Gold Regan, the toughest demagogue in the political corner, feared Nova Scotia with Ottawa's help in embarking on a huge forest management scheme in which most of the damaged wood will be harvested and replaced with species less vulnerable to budworm attack. Newfoundland, though, is launching its first spray program this year.

The place where debate has raged longest is in New Brunswick. The trouble began back near the beginning of the mid-1950s when men then hoped to use the spray program to decimate populations of spruce budworm, salween in the world-famous Miramichi River system. The situation became one of Rachel Carson's pesticide horror stories in John Sney.

Although other pesticides eventually were substituted, problems have continued to arise over the years. Locals had felt, a warning against eating woodcock one year because pesticide levels in the birds were excessive. The biggest scare

came in 1976 when a team of microbial researchers at McGill's Canadian University published results indicating the spraying might be implicated in the incidence of a rare and relatively new disease of children called Reye's Syndrome. The prospect, headed by Dr. John Crocker, had become suspicion after seeing several cases of Reye's, some of them fatal, from sprayed areas of New Brunswick. Nevertheless, government officials insist that the budworms had so spread through New Brunswick that there is no choice but to continue spraying.

If the public doesn't think so, All the arguments notwithstanding, the New Brunswick spray program is under mounting pressure. Last month a Protonation-area lawmaker Dr. Abram Friesen was a proponent-sitting provincial Supreme Court judgment that found the budworm spraying guilty of trespassing when they sprayed his property in 1976. The damage seemed to extend further an already weak spray program and beyond to pay persons. Says Lucien Gauthier, a director of the "Concerned Farmers' Group": "These people have had 25 years. It's not the 1950s any more. Chemically, what's the answer? It's time to try something else."

In Halifax, Dr. Crocker and his associates are continuing their research—and apparently are not going to disavow them from their original contention. They have also repeated another message, that their Reye's Syndrome work has led to a much larger phenomenon—the crater of how

chemicals in the environment generally act only the budworm spraying may be making them susceptible to a whole range of hitherto unknown diseases.

DAVID FOULSTER,

WITH CORRESPONDENTS FILES

## THE PRAIRIES

### The national nightmare

Death sentence was passed on Schuler, a key Alberta leader 15 miles northwest of Medicine Hat, in the early 1970s when a Canadian Pacific train stalled in a standstill to abandon the town's rail line. The train was stuck and choked with weeds, the speed limit now down to 10 miles per hour and it had an interest in spending money to speed things up. However, Schuler's 130 workers took their cue to the Farmers' Union Committee on Grain and Rail in Western Canada. The harsh plucking for the rail line—presented by everyone from school kids to the army—was brought at last to a temporary reprieve.

The first-mover campaign, when it failed to report a new crop did not dislodge Schuler's last, but landed it into a 2,346-mile-long category of brands that should be dealt with later. Schuler, living on ice-bergs over snow, finally freed from the newly created Prairie Rail Action Committee (PRAC) this spring. The federal government will pour \$500,000 into reconditioning the 6-mile line.

While Schuler enjoys, communities north and west of Brandon, Manitoba, are sunk in gloom. The PRAC committees recommended taking off 30 miles of branch lines there, order to do so must cost May 18 and abandonment must start July 31. "It's a hard pill for local people to swallow," says A. M. (Mac) Kinsman, president of the United Grain Growers in Win-

Grain elevators in Manitoba, sliced back in as close as Easterners get to gain



ning. "The farmer who has lived half a mile from the elevator all his life thinks the sky has fallen."

Was or low weathermen are at least relieved that somebody is finally making some firm decisions in the wake of the PRAC report. People in grain production feel PRAC's recommendations for a permanent rail network have been confirmed and that

## The case of the misplaced missiles

We do not have any nuclear weapons nor would they be deployed on our soil—De House Minister Barry Danson in the House of Commons, May 6, 1978

Oddly enough, several days passed before anyone noticed that Canadian defence critic Alex McKinnon rose in the House and gleefully reminded Danson that he had been at least overly modest in his description of Canada's defence ca-

pability in itself. Coteau's 57 Voodoos jet fighters are each equipped to carry two cruise missiles with 15-kiloton atomic warheads (the Hiroshima bomb measured 13 kilotons) that stand at ease on blast near Coteau, N.C., Bayville, Quebec, and Chairman New Brunswick, for use against enemy bombers. The warheads are secured by a double-key system which requires mutual consent of a Canadian and a U.S. officer before they can be taken out of storage. The officers will unlock the warheads only under orders from their respective governments. The man who would give the Canadian officer his orders is Barry Danson.

At first, Danson tried to wriggle out of McKinnon's challenge by claiming the matter was confidential. McKinnon was then asked to trust those in a second staff. Danson's predecessor James Richardson had acknowledged the warheads presence way back in 1974. Only then did Danson give in, but he had to add that the Voodoos will "soon" be replaced by more sophisticated fighters with redesigned missiles that do not need the big nuclear bang. It could thus be argued that the minister had not uttered as much, but inevitably a fact presented by about five years.

Coteau's nuclear warheads (left) and Voodoo fighters (right) on the alert



PLAC is moving quickly to tidy up the branch lines left in kinkiness by the plan and rat committee.

However, the branch line controversy is only one small aspect of the Hail report.

Trenson Meenan Laug, who calls himself justice Hail "an old friend, colleague and teacher," appeared in the spring of 1979 in Ottawa with a whole range of long-standing private transportation concerns. During the two-year, \$1.8-million study, Hail held hearings in 77 communities, interviewing some 15,000 people. And the government, which evidently hoped Hail would come through with some simple, few recommendations on the fate of 532 miles of private branch lines, also got the whole indigenous mode of private skidooism handed to them in his 345-page report. Everything considered about the Western provinces at the 1975 Western Economic Opportunities Conference in Calgary was not even served up to the government, accompanied by a side order of 92 recommendations from Hail. The commission found that the Prairie provinces have been victimized by a discriminatory freight rates from the beginning.

Unlaced bread in the closest most realistic Canadian gets to grain, the report was handed in the West as a farmer's manifesto. But Hail found, however, that Western provinces were disadvantaged by the federal government's progress in implementing the report. Hail himself was now pined to the fly, charging the government has virtually ignored his work. By the opposition's request, the government has accepted only words or rights of his recommendations. No more need under study and the area have been ignored or discarded.

At Hail's of the Alberta Wheat Pool to

one of the West's pragmatists. "We didn't expect transfer," he says. "We wanted a defined rail network and we seem to be getting it." As for the real, western opinion falls somewhere between opposition demands for Laug's resignation and Laug's contention that "we have carried out very effectively and very fully more of the important recommendations of the Hail commission."

SHARON ZWARG/ILLUSTRATION

## B C

### Morality versus Junk

British Columbia's Social Credit government is noted for its high moral tone in dealing with everyone from welfare recipients to juvenile delinquents. It has pioneered certain new policies—cutting welfare recipients off the rolls, locking up juvenile offenders—with the unimpeachable message, "It's for your own good." But the Socials' latest move, introduction of compulsory treatment for heroin addicts, has created moral issues among lawyers and civil libertarians who feel the program, which forces addicts to report to treatment centers whether or not they have committed a crime, has gone too far.

Costing about \$14 million a year, the plan is the government's response to the failure of both voluntary treatment and law enforcement to cut down the addiction and trafficking in a province with 7,000 known and 3,000 suspected users. Police will now concentrate on junkies or rejected junkies on the street, directing them to a special care center where a panel of doctors and other professionals in the field will decide after three days whether to



McClelland spreading the addicts around

sign them up for a three-year program—some members at a minimum security treatment center on Vancouver Island, with another 30 months in area clinics.

Over the program critics may become addicts will probably never see. Police officers believe working will cause a loss of the need—or desire—for heroin. "But why not give us a chance? Nothing else has worked," said one of Vancouver's drug squad who spends his days and nights trying to stop the trade on Vanco's Granville Street. If Health Minister Robert McClelland's bill survives the expected challenges in the courts, then the run of Canada can expect their fair share of addicts at last.

MARK HUGHES

# Business

## What GATT does over there, may hurt over here

To some, GATT is the kind of household name that wouldn't be a name even on its own house. But the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade is the rulebook for international commerce and the horse-trading and number-crunching that has been underway for five years may hit Canadian workers hard. The gatt in Geneva may not be the parties of Las Vegas to be loathed. For 30 years, GATT negotiators have been made and remade but perhaps at no other time have so many Canadians stood to be hurt by the results. From the textile factory in Quebec to the wood mill in B.C. from the steel production line in Ontario to the Atlantic fisheries, this 94-country gathering could reach across the ocean and into domestic populations.

Initially GATT was set up as a treaty by trading nations to prevent a return to 1930s protectionism by lowering tariffs and setting down rules for fair trade. Since 1948, the original agreement has been revised several times to reflect new realities and maintain the post-war boom. The most important came in the 1967 "Kennedy Round" named after the late American president. Then, tariffs were cut again by one-third. But since 1967, new tariff barriers to trade have appeared like weeds in countries used to perfecting trading relations from foreign competition. These barriers range from government purchasing policy preference for domestic industries to health safety standards tailored to discriminate against foreign goods. The current GATT talks—known as the "Tokyo Round"—began in the Japanese capital before moving to GATT headquarters in Geneva—on focusing on these barriers along with tariffs.

The Tokyo Round began in 1973 and was targeted to wind up by 1978. The first, and prior, here, was the U.S. presidential election and a host of other political and economic problems stilled the talks. During a 1977 meeting at 10 Downing Street in London, leaders of the Western world's seven major countries pledged "a new impulse" to the talks. "We reject protectionism," they declared. "It would today unemployment, increase inflation and undermine the welfare of our people."

Unmaking these lofty statements into a hard agreement has proved difficult and the GATT talks have progressed slowly in spite of the Downing Street declaration. The Big Three—the U.S., Japan, and the European Common Market—are still far apart on such key issues as agricultural

protection, anti-dumping subsidies, and non-tariff barriers (in general). The Big Seven meet again July 10-17, this time in Bonn—and the ministerial presidents and prime ministers, being political animals, want something to announce. A new GATT agreement, however written down, would be ideal. Still, the negotiators in Geneva have been told to come up with something, anything, in time.

The danger for Canada is that non-tariff barriers, the most difficult to curb, has a real problem for Canadian exporters (try selling telephones to France) could be left out of the new agreement with some promises to talk about them later. Agreement on tariff can still be achieved, because the Big Three are close to agreement. That could hurt Canadian industry. The tariff can tentatively agreed to would be about 40 percent more than in the Kennedy Round. Worse for Canada is the proposal to cut high tariff disproportionately more than low tariffs to achieve the 40 percent average. Most of Canada's exports are relatively low tariff while domestic industries are protected by high tariff.



Free trader Homer (above) and textile worker, a stroke of the pen could wipe out thousands of Canadian jobs

## A haunt is not a home

When and where Bill Mead paid \$200 for 20 acres of Devil's Island in the mouth of Halifax harbor 10 years ago, he considered it a part of the abandoned fishing community into an exclusive retreat. He put that off, but several night years ago, when the light-housekeeper retired, he began to worry that intruding vandals might whittle his clipboard paradise into the sand. He ordered the whole shattering sent-free to anyone who would move in and keep two eyes on the bridge. Travels it is a safe having a devil of a time finding Mead.

Sober minds would say that the island's location (between about as sailing as an overworked artillery range—and the five-man-occasional Atlantic fisheries) is much too much for Mead's problem. But he complains that superstitious mariners are really at fault, spreading stories about hauntings and backwaters half a mile offshore. Those things in the night, Mead insists, are not the floating



Devil's Island: Those things in the night are really not Harry Hengstler's boats

high-bow boats of Harry Hengstler (who donated this 1910). They're just boats (they really are).

But not one house after whom Mead managed to attract last fall left with something approaching supernatural speed. A like driver, whose name Mead

can't even recall, flew in from Whitehaven after he'd heard about Mead's offer as the red-pink (silver) island days—then vanished without a by-your-leave. Two women turned up in May but Mead wouldn't let them stay without a man. They stayed two in a few days later and so far as Mead knows, they're still there—he hasn't bothered to check. Harry Hengstler probably will.



Canada Britain France Italy Japan the U.S. and West Germany

walls. Acceptance of this proposal, known as the "Swiss formula," could result in the loss of jobs in such tariff-prone industries as textiles, clothing, shoes, furniture, plastics, shipbuilding, and appliances without accompanying employment gains in the export-oriented, resource-based industries. No one really knows how many jobs would be lost, but some scare stories predict 250,000 with whole towns crossed off the map by a spin took in Geneva.

Trade Minister Jack Hawton, a free trader by nature, wails at such forecasts. "The GATT system is single-cut up by one or two isolated spots," he says. "But overall, there should be a net gain in employment." For industries severely hurt by GATT changes, he promises aid through grants or loans.

Hawton and the government view a new GATT not as a threat but as an opportunity to intensify Canadian industries, phase out unproductive sectors and gain new markets for the productive. GATT, in this perspective, is a catalyst for long-overdue change in the Canadian economy. "We'll have to get out of some industries," says Hawton. "GATT puts a greater onus on us to stay in the right ones and get out of the wrong ones." The number of industries is necessary, not protection.



Legislator Gray and appliance workers: In GATT talks, there's always the U.S.

Just what industries are right or wrong for Canada, Hawton is reluctant to say. But his argument is supported at least in theory by the economists: most of whom see a tradeoff that makes, by the West and Atlantic Canada, traditionally free trade supporters and by economists at least those who would keep their jobs and enjoy lower export prices if tariffs are cut.

There is, however, no consensus in Canada on the best approach toward GATT. Indeed, Canada's approach may be divided on the issue: some say other countries involved. Central Canada manufacturers, for example, are alarmed at the prospect of sweeping tariff cuts. Others, more free traders, are becoming more pro-independence. Says Don Montgomery, attorney-general of the Canadian Labor Congress: "We support free trade as long as it's fair."

not some corrupt government in South Korea paying 10-year-old girls to run sewing machines 10 hours a day."

The task of reconciling differences and bargaining for everyone's best possible deal has been handed to Robfroy de Charnay, Gray, 37, a career civil servant with a PhD in political economy. Canada's chief negotiator in Geneva. Though Gray is often charged with male and strategic,



the U.S., Canada's major trading partner, was encouraging. The U.S. reportedly offered to meet most of Canada's demands in a package with tariff cuts averaging 60 per cent, with a few the Swiss formula's 40 per cent. But Canada won't give something for nothing. Now it's a Canada's first time to get something to get what it wants.

Gray is not saying what that might be but a government background paper leaked recently gives some indication. "Some industries will remain the focus for industrial adjustment," says the paper in broad strokes. "These include the traditional sectors of textiles, some clothing, footwear and furniture, and some electronics industries. For these industries, the policy objective should be to reduce progressively the employment base through increased automation behind a necessary minimum of transitional protection."

The government says the paper was merely a preliminary document and it has no intention of waging off any industry. But every representative, perhaps doubting Canada's ability to get what it wants, are not going to be the last time for a GATT settlement. They have been trying to get to Geneva to press their views on Gray as well as lobbying Hawton in Ottawa. Says J. Taylor Kennedy, the new president of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association: "Canada can't suddenly abandon thousands of workers and millions of dollars of investments."

To a large extent, however, Canada has no choice but to go along with any agreement worked out by the Big Three in Geneva. Canada could decide to step out of a new GATT but with a trade quarter of Canada's gross national product, that would be disastrous. Canada can use its leverage as a supplier of raw materials, but that leverage is declining as the Third World begins producing the same materials.

If the GATT talks seem at last to be moving, the government might have to consider free trade with the U.S. With the talks still under way, the "third option," de-emphasizing trade with the U.S. in favor of Europe and Japan, remains official government policy. But the government may decide after GATT that it must sign up if directly with one of the Big Three is not a fair deal. The U.S. is the only logical partner. When the Economic Council of Canada looked into this idea three years ago, it quickly ruled, but the country may become more open. Already there are pressures outside the government to move in this direction. Former Conservative leader Robert Stanfield, for example, in an open letter to the prime minister, chief policy adviser to the current leader, Joe Clark, B.C. Premier Bill Vander Zant, and the Ontario government has begun studying in that opposition to economic union with the U.S. remains strong, and the apprehensions are real. Says the trade minister, Hawton: "I don't think you can join in the border industry we're all one economy. Canada would get ripped if you did that."

IAN LINGWORTHY



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# Mexican time bomb

Oil could be the salvation of mariana country

By Arturo Gonzalez

*Poor Mexico  
So far from God and so near to the United States—Porfirio Díaz, Mexican President  
(1876-1880, 1884-1911)*

Mexico is in a race to the wire. Population is exploding. Which side has the upper hand will be one of North America's most important events of this century.

Fueled by the age-old conspiracy of Mexico, as a land of chili con carne and sombrero-wearing, inequity-troubled campesinos, stretched up against the world. A state

accurate representation is an 18-year-old, eager to work, whose economic horizons have been shaped by the two-salt-gauge symbol seen on the American TV shows piped into his village. He wants a job so badly that he's willing to move to the slums of Mexico City, or back the Rio Grande by the light of the moon, to pull down a pay packet and then starve of self-respect.

More than any other demographic fact, the sheer weight of numbers of young people coming on to the Mexican labor market is what shapes Mexico's pre-

sumptuously promising future, and warns its tradition-couraged politics. Just as the Aztecs used to offer the god Huitzilopochtli salt-queuing kinsmen to insure that night would be a day, Mexico seems to pump-out babies to ensure its new future at a rate that is a demographic's nightmare. This country, so full of life is the full of new lives.

"It's the Mexican macho frame of mind that's the problem," sighs a birth-control clinic worker, looking out at a quarter-full waiting room. "Hurry of some kind"



you're a real man. And that there are plenty of hands to work the farm. And that you won't share when you're old. So those who eat the last meal to brand the future."

About 30 million of Mexico's 65 million citizens today are under age 14, portending a new birth rate wave in the next few years which will further swamp the country's capacity to deal with social life. Six thousand new Mexicans are born every day, the annual birth rate is now 42 per 1,000 (in 16 of Canada and 15 in the U.S.A.). The country's population has tripled since 1940, and less than half the 16-million-strong work force is fully employed. Still the macho-mexican regime of

Luis Echeverría Alvarez, Mexico's president from 1970-76, failed Mexico's ominous birth boom with an ill-fated slogan, "To govern is to populate." He over-

sees, the much more conservative José López Portillo has pointed out the country's population broken at best one can in a

sinisterly Catholic nation. He's trying to put a 3.3-percent annual population growth rate down to 2.6 per cent. "Birth control" is no longer a forbidden phrase. Family planning advice is now available free in hospitals and clinics. Food and general income in cities and villages are about to begin selling contraceptives at half cost, something Mexico can well afford since it is the world's biggest producer of pure copper. Syntex, the pill giant, is a firm which was born in Mexico.

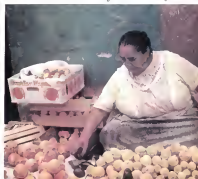
If there's any single answer to the massive threat of overpopulation which menaces Mexico, it's to be found down south in

the dirty, horse-country villages of Chapingo and Tehuacan, once famous solely for the long-gone, blood-red beans which the campesinos took on everything they eat. Now the area is famed for another liquid petroleum: oil. In May, 1973, near the village of Refugio, petroleum began to become excited about what their instruments were revealing under Mexican soil. The country has always had some oil, indeed it nationalized British and American firms in 1938. In 1968 Pemex, a state-owned concern which has steadily pumped a moderate flow of black gold into local refineries. But suddenly the trickle has burst into a river.

Over 100 potential oil-bearing formations have already been identified, and only 10 per cent of Mexico has been thoroughly mapped so far. The untapped geology are now producing Mexico is trying on about 120 billion barrels of oil, making it the third richest oil country in the world, topped only by Saudi Arabia and Iran. The U.S. Mexico's obvious customer for this fuel bonanza: has only 29.3 billion barrels left in its reserves. "Oil and gas are the muscles of our economy," says Jorge Díaz Herrera, head of the Pemex organization. "We must use them. This wealth makes it possible to create a new country that is not only prosperous, but rich—where the 'right to work' will at last become a reality."

But for the sanguine production to come true, Pemex will have to change up. It is arguably the most corrupt, least efficient major enterprise in Mexico. Jobs in the department have long been considered sacrosanct. Executive positions are openly sold to unimpressive if the look-alike of influential "Poltrona" wives are routinely "given" one or two Pemex gas stations in

Mexico City with its traffic jams, its homelessness (over a million) and its harsh produce from the countryside, a booming metropolis growing in the wrong place





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polls, the profits going into private pockets rather than government coffers. Other Mexican government bureaus routinely dump their least effective investments into Ponzi schemes, where traders usually they have never been heard of, or seen, again. When Mexicans nationalized their oil fields in 1938, they did so under the cry "¡El Oil es Ours!" The local workers now is that Petróleo's employees have adapted the slogan as their very own.

Despite the meek bureaucracy, the government is investing more than \$2.5 billion to triple its ability to produce and refine oil. Some 1,300 new wells are being



López Portillo, carefree, perhaps, but he's getting Mexico back in business

dig at a cost of \$100 billion. Funded by 15 of the world's biggest banks. "The grand-daddy is becoming a reality," confides petrochemical planner César Ruíz. "At last we are opening plants equal in size to any in the world, and building even bigger ones. We are on the way to becoming world figures in the petrochemical market—petroleum exporters, not just makers of temporary supplies." In a game designed to please the U.S., Mexico has vowed not to join OPEC, despite its potentially economic status as a petroleum exporter.

The refineries are downgraded not to waste a whiff of the petrochemical industry. Private firms are being encouraged to create chemical companies which will live off petroleum's byproducts. Petrochemical plants are going up to convert petroleum into the materials needed to bring life back to Mexico's crapped-out lands. On these natural gas the Mexicans have decided. "We'll either burn it or we export it." They've decided on export. A \$1.5-billion, 48-inch, 321-mile pipeline is making up for the Texas border to be finished next February.

And so the daily race continues. Thou-



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LACK OF SQUEAKS AND RATTLES	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
FRONT VISIBILITY	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
REAR VISIBILITY	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
USABLE TRUNK SPACE	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
OVERALL INTERIOR COMFORT	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
INTERIOR ROOMINESS	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
REAR SEAT COMFORT	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
MANEUVERABILITY IN CITY TRAFFIC	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
EASE OF STEERING	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
EASE OF PARKING	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
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sands of new Mexican motorists feed each day. The country's petroleum exporters desperately trying to lift the country's black, sticky wealth soon enough to bring prosperity to the countryside and street off a rising, popular discontent which can, some political experts say, erupt in a riot or revolution unless basic human needs are met, and soon.

One study produced evidence that 90 per cent of all Mexicans suffer from some degree of malnutrition, an under-nutrition. Seventy per cent of the population lives in houses that are two rooms or less. Fifty-eight per cent of the homes have no built-in drainage, only 14 per cent have bathrooms and 42 per cent are without electric light. The country is short at least three million homes. In 1980, 90 per cent of Mexicans were living on the land; today 50 per cent of the population craves, often in a quiet, at Mexico's sprawling cities. And the danger will be 10 per cent. By the year 2000. Their thick, lean, and squinted, people turn modern suburbs into shanty towns faster than the city planners can put up new public housing.

Highly skilled efforts recreate new Mexican towns built around satellite industries have founded on auto-industry, tourism, and the slow resurgence of the Indian peasant to change. The modern community of Llanito Carles, planned as a focal point of the "new Mexico" at today an economic and social disaster zone. More than \$1 billion invested in the town has resulted in just 5,000 new jobs—a cost of \$200,000 per position. The only people to get rich are the 2,000 politicians who come to town each payday. "The real problem," says a weary and disillusioned expert, "is that you can't turn capitalism into industrial workers in less than a generation."

The problem is also acute in Mexico City, the country's capital and the central destination of most tourists visiting south of the Rio Grande. Just how many Mexicans now live there is a demographic enigma; the city houses a possible 12 million now and at the biggest shanty in the world. Almost half its residents are newcomers from the countryside. By 1985 it will balloon astronomically to 20 million and 40 million will live there by the year 2000, making it by far the most over-crowded metropolis on the face of the earth.

Behind the glass and steel bolts and of other skyscrapers that towers and rising businesses reflect a modern city. But, decades of thousands of car-pollution scribbles in the city's downtown looking for food scraps, beggars from poverty, drug and liquor to make a through to maintain. Officially, the city's police have a new order to solve every 20 hours, a new theft to unravel every 20 minutes. The real trouble are considerably higher. Kick a pile of red-red rags or papers on a Mexico City day and there could be a dead, abandoned body underneath. The biggest killer of all,

among males under the age of 24, drink. Carlos Hank González, Mexico City's mayor, and overworked mayor, insists that the continuously can be made livable for more than just the few rich families who dwell in splendor in the exclusive Lomas and Polanco districts. "Perhaps the principal problem is that we do not love the city enough," he philosophizes. "Now we have to resolve the problems of the past and present, and plan for the future."

The biggest problem of the past is quite simply that Mexico City is in the wrong place for a major metropolis. It's the only urban complex among the 15 largest cities in the world that is neither on an ocean, a

major waterway, or at sea level. At an altitude of 7,400 feet, it stands on a soft, spongy lake bed as porous that it is literally seeping up some of the older, massive buildings constructed during the Spanish rule. Old churches and municipal buildings have developed in they continue to drop into the subsidence quagmire. Building here is five times as expensive as elsewhere in Mexico. New centers are needed. Water is in short supply. The city needs at least 600,000 more homes. The roads clogged with 1.5 million cars, the

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A squatter town outside Mexico City: the players can't keep up with the game.

gulation is a \$4-billion subway system ringed the city. Bidding on the project has been fierce with British, American, Japanese, French and German firms all flying in high-powered sales teams to win up the contract. Japanese volunteers have lavished calculations, free trips to Tokyo, a gift research ship for the Mexican Navy and \$6 million in free feasibility studies on Mexican buyers. "This is the biggest deal in the world," says Britain's Richard Knowles

through joint work, "and before it's over we're going to be searching each other's binding eyes out. The competition will be the chambers made to get into your hotel room, get your brochure, buy up all the boxes in the hotel so they can say what you're sending back to the home office, make officials to lose one of your crucial letters. All very easy."

For the Mexican peasant who can't wait to get a room for a living in Mexico City's slums, there is one other widely used option. He walks north to the border towns of Tijuana, Laredo or Juarez, and then he waits. Until a dark night when he joins the estimated 1.5 million Mexicans who, each year illegally cross the border into the United States in pursuit of the money before that Americans are no longer willing to do for themselves. To call them "webbacks" glamorizes a very easy crossing. There's no dramatic, desperate swim over the Rio Grande. The 1,600-mile border between the United States and Mexico is responsible for only 40 miles.

President Carter has threatened to close down webback arteries, a sop to American unions which complain that incoming Mexicans—and there are about five million now in the States—are adding to the national unemployment problem in America. "But if he was really serious," says Wayne McCracken, on the staff of El Paso mayor Ray Salazar, "all he'd have to do is fire any American firm or family bus-



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events and stamped down on all their corporate growth programs until he departed the political scene. One of López's first moves was to make a highly publicized visit to Monterrey to meet with and pacify the disgruntled capitalists, a general feeling of bitterness has hung over Mexico's free-enterprise scene ever since. Factories, some working nearly 60 per cent capacity, have been fired up again and the Mexico City stock index has jumped over the 600 mark for the first time in history.

Mexico made its political and economic news these days in an increasingly free press, which is gradually throwing off the fear of sudden closure with over four



U.S. and Mexican authorities both claim a deep full of marijuana abandoned in the Rio Grande is usual: the Americans won

hark old days of the Echeverría regime. Ultimately, of course, the government does hold a card over the press, because newspaper must be imported under government license. "Critique too harshly and you suddenly find yourself running out of paper," one editor sighs. The most influential editor in the country is Julio Scherer, formerly of *Excelsior*. Echeverría was succeeded last October in office, but he is talked by starting a weekly magazine. *Proceso*, which is widely admired for its independence (and its ability to import paper no matter whose loss it slips out). Elsewhere, money is still the most important factor in Mexican journalism. Invitations to reporters to attend press conferences routinely come with several hundred pesos (about \$10) in the envelope, to cover the reporter's "expenses" in getting across town.

Payoff aside, there can be no doubt that Mexico's business apparatus today can safely round the fact that the country's fortunes are on the rise. The most serious economic crisis in more than 40 years has been weathered. The world banking community, which three years ago wrote off Mexico as an investment, is back waving billions of loose dollars. Inflation has been slowed down to below 20 per cent. Much of the \$4 billion in flight capital which left the country has returned. Annual wage increases have been slowed down to about 12 per cent and tax incentives to industry have been offered, now the market is waiting to see how industry will respond. "The government has done us bit, and the unions have done their bit," an oil sector government official explains. "Now it's the turn of business."

About 4,000 of Mexico's companies are partially owned by foreign interests—three-quarters of the participation being American. German, British, Swiss and Japanese interests are also prominent. Canada is only marginally represented. But a massive economic push from Mexico's other "neighbor" in North America seems to be building.

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# Disquiet on the set

Riel never was an easy character to handle

By Roy MacGregor

In the spring just past north of the village of Kleinburg, Ontario, there are two signs. The first, crude and quickly painted, says only "Riel" and points down a road that in the distance where Red the three-hour television show is being filmed. The second sign, more lasting, simply warns visitors to beware of dogs—a cruel but unavoidable metaphor in that Red's producer, John Trent, and scriptwriter, Roy Moore, have been partly to two of the most critically savaged film productions in Canadian history: *Tears of the Whorehouse* of John and Moore's *Black Christmas*.

The pavement gives way to mud in the present to 1885 as the road leads to a largely reconstructed Fort Garry. It is quiet but for the stifled whisper of the cameras on the bridge a man paces his hands behind his back and his eyes moving as if they are clicking each other. High forehead dark and curly hair, badly shaven—he is both Raymond Cloutier, the actor, and Louis Riel, the man. At the moment he is Cloutier worrying about Riel. A few minutes before he was Riel, worried about Cloutier as he

mood before the camera in the province's dock of the nearby Regatta waterfront set, stumbling again and again over scene 347: "And the instant Douce Roy. On this word he has called me a magnificent—saying that I have a recurring mental disorder—saying that I have a recurring mental disorder—that has caused me to act as I have."

A few more long pauses and they have given up, leaving the astute Cloutier to

walk slowly, deliberately up the road with his head downcast. He moves to the side of the studio and talks to his mother, who has been brought to Kleinburg from Montreal to see if her presence can help. Inside the studio, the film crew fills in last time by shooting scenes of the courtroom scene shooting and rebuilding the judge's sentencing of Louis Riel, which ends with the state cold law: "May God have mercy on your soul."

Hopefully, there will be enough money left over that he will be able to disperse some to the film as well. The production is a complex and troubled as the original of apocalyptic horror. Neither the reported \$4.5-million budget nor the cost of scene 300—standing scenes by the likes of Christopher Plummer, Louis Gossett, Leif Erickson and Barry Morse—could ever be seen as any guarantee of success, but no one just the same could have foreseen the troubles which were lying up to power Red.

Production problems have ranged from one actor falling off his horse to another actor



Producer Trent peering through camera, Cloutier as Red (Quinn) and scriptwriter Moore putting a "new" story on film



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For example, Dofasco launched a major heart research project with the McMaster Medical Centre and family physicians in Hamilton. The joint program is treating a group of hypertensive people, and the results will be compared with other programs. This comparison will yield new facts about the prevention and treatment of heart disease. Facts which could benefit Canadians all across the country.

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\$10,000. Part of the reason Cleaver came down so far was that the discount (Reinhold) was to get only an estimated \$25,000. Reinhold's later on he was merely offered \$12,000 when he felt his impressive credentials—including *Child Under a Leaf* with Drew Carey—deserved roughly 10 times that. But he walked because he, like Cleaver, desperately wanted to be involved in *Real*. "It's abhorrent what the case is doing to families," Reinhold says. "You can't afford to do anything for them unless you want to help them out with their futures."

All might have gone well had the main participants not learned later that songwriter Ray Moore was getting \$100,000 for his work (\$30,000 for the script and \$70,000 for lyrics rights). They weren't all angry with Moore. "He's the only one being paid seriously," says Reinhold—but the inconsistency of pay led to a living lawsuit. Many of the friends' lawsuit actors. Ray says, found the wrong "tough as nails" and were furious with the lack of women in the

Ray in *Guinness* and (above) being kicked by his horse: the film, it seems, is as troubled as the original version.



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snaps, as the Miles had been a mainstream society. They wanted Moore on air, but when he came, they booed him out. "I don't want to see him again," they said with a month to go in the shooting. "You do a film with people, not paper."

Raymond Closter, who wrote *Rail* as a mutual cousin of Hamlin and Reed Lefevre, introduced: "I'm not happy with the script." As someone who may well be the method actor's method actor, Closter was beginning to see his *Rail* script what moved from the script. *Rail*, Closter and writer Roy Moore edited, but to little avail. "I think he [Closter] has very strong attitudes that are very much his own," Moore says. "But they are not *Rail*'s. He has been hard to play *Rail* as scripted by me."

Then, early in May after a confusing session on set, Raymond Closter was wheeled off to Toronto General Hospital where he was intubated under a doctor's care for severe exhaustion. An athlete, very serious man who had, by all accounts, taken the full brunt of the film on his own shoulders, Closter was simply unable to go on. Several days of rest and treatment later, he was back on set, haggard and visibly shaking, but determined to finish the film. Trying desperately to work through *Rail*'s disconcerting trial speech—the same speech, apparently, which originally won Closter the part—he was unwell and losing his concentration. Director Hamlin, a kind and normally patient man, finally cleared the opinions of cast and replaced them with several massive *Synafium* ear candles, complete with three-inch-high lettering. Closter then reached into his pocket, pulled out a card and read to the cast:

"You have to decide," read a very weary John Trent. "Am you going to go ahead or are you going to stop? And I've made a professional decision—we will take it ahead."

Lisa Wilson, as Major Greiner, gets "blacked" by makeup artist Pat Haskins-Wilson, hoping the portraits are wrong.



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Most of the remaining hope for Ruffles in Quebec blossomed in a large shaven-headed man whose motherly attitude on the sometimes errand. With his wife pregnant this past winter, he asked for a verbal "pregnancy check" with his contract and when the baby was born, just past the usual timing, he simply let things worry about themselves for a while. It is very much through Bloomfield's gentle prodding that Cloutier—who is said to be as perfect as his previous as yet unbroken film, *Two Soldiers*—is going to finish his first English-language lead role. "Quite simply," says Riley, "the French-Canadian actor lives working with George."

It is John Trent, however, who watches Cloutier's work in *Two Soldiers*, just as Trent saw like a second director on the set when Cloutier is there. In an interview with the notoriously pensive Trent stating in an understated way that comes out of Cloutier's mouth, but not from Trent, can adequately explain Cloutier's description of his Ruffles period as "the final pop" and there is nothing anyone can say after Cloutier says he will feel no relief and no happiness once the difficult film is completed. "After you have been inside a character, simplicity for you three months," he says. "It can be very difficult to leave."

Trent's quiet remarks in profile to his acceptance is very stark on the late with Ruffles. One of the most controversial figures in Canadian film, Trent's career has been marked with van and impressive payoffs which have yet to deliver van and impressive success. His feature-film work with *Quadrant Films—Blue Blood* and *Simply in the Country*—showed small profits and largely negative reviews. His best known cut work is of course, *Jahia*, the flashback memory which has long haunted Trent. "They never forget," he says—but which he defends by pointing out it eventually made a profit in international sales. *Quadrant* Canadian reviews made. Ironically Ruffles also relies heavily on flashback, so much so that the film's main star, Cloutier, finds the whole thing rather "deceiving."

Trent, however, fully aware that Ruffles means more to him than anyone, remains optimistic. "As far as I know, it's a success," he says. "Or at least it's there." No one needs to remind Trent that if Ruffles comes up short, however it will be a long fall. And toward the end of May the producers were shipping behind schedule, with two key scenes—the wedding and the hanging—yet to be shot with Cloutier. "Ruffles is in and it will be finished," said Riley Riley with great confidence.

For those who believe in such things, there was a thing in a bag in a Kew-Burg this spring. And how symbolic it will not be known for several months at least, so here it is: without comment. Someone placed several chickens inside Fort Garry for authenticity—and one of them had an egg.



Robert Dunn, Account Executive, Halifax

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And it happens, it didn't and it can't. And this was their first and only one-on-one with him. Some people hope that's what's making Vally so nervous. But I think it's the fact that she's the Saturday *New York* Star's "Vally" Vally, one of Gilda Kricheldorf's columnists who's been getting a lot of press for the cover of the *New York* magazine, identified as "Saturday *New York*'s Sweetheart." In strictly showbiz terms, it was indeed a slightly awkward situation. But Vally Brown is a very quiet, very professional woman. She's got her own way and she's very firm. She's not what you'd call a show girl. Besides, New York would have been no place, she decided, for a dog like Pats, her dumpy mongrel sidekick. And who needs all the Atlanta news? Gwlad! I'd been with Gilda the other day and it was awful. I was so nervous I couldn't even get on the train. I couldn't control it.

How does it ever come out anyway?

[illegible]

- [illegible]

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to that remark until they hear her continue with an amused anticipatory laugh. "My favorite thing is to be a nobody in a roomful of actors and sometimes there is more than 5—very much." Certainly there is some evidence to suggest a few minds were blown that night at Studio One. Some of the "right" people—producers and talent agents—showed up, and all of them laughed. Now personally, all she has to do is sit back and wait for the offers.

When she was a little girl growing up in the rural reaches of Toronto's suburban district, Don Mills, Vals Bramfield wanted to be Alice in Wonderland. Her parents' noncommittal wry smiles beyond why not? They curled her soft blonde hair and called her Alice and let her slip through the looking glass any old time she wished. Their more conventional neighbors were aghast. You let her go on like that, she'll grow to be trouble. The trouble came when Vals discovered she could bend her sweet little face to look like a demure debutante, or a friend of her parents or a selfish, older people. Ah and Mary Bramfield were fascinated by their daughter's ability to mean anybody—and a bit bewildered by an accompanying mean streak. "She used to pull the legs off insects that sort of thing," says her mother. "Once in Ottawa we had a garden with a lovely little parrot outside and Vals skinned it and chucked it and made a heck out of it and I never could understand why." Other people who have been ruminated by Vals feel they've gone through a similar experience. Bramfield thinks her mean streak has been absorbed in a healthy way into her comedy. She never models her characters, she once said. "I just want to be that person for a little while." That analysis fails a little short when you see her do an 85-year-old hag upstaging a handsome card.

Bramfield began improvising comedy skits during high school and then lasted a year at the Don Mills School of Fine Arts before setting off for England, where, at the age of 19, she worked as an au pair girl in a "spicy" mansion in Mayfair and learned "how good it feels to take care of yourself." She ended up staying in Europe 2½ years, progressively doing "crazy English" get dancing at the Ciro Price in Madrid working as a chauffeur for an eccentric Englishman and demonstrating on tape. Whichever you could do with American wit. "Bizarre and wonderful experiences were filed away to pop up later in a fit here, a character there, providing more texture for her comedy.

When she got back to Canada, she did Danny Aykroyd found themselves around in for four days together in an Ottawa home. "Mike, were we snowed out," remembers Aykroyd. "At the end of it, she had totally changed my head around." Bramfield remembers Aykroyd actually running out of the house, standing by the side of the road and crying when cars would come. At any rate, whenever she did

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skin's wrinkles—and the two set off for Toronto, determined to make it. "We did some good stuff," says Aykroyd. "Other groups were looking in today." Among other things, they visited the School of Stupid Dances. "All right people, you have your stupid dances on."

Around this time, in the early '70s, she also met Goldie Radner who says that Val's "makes me laugh my pants out." She also taught me that in comedy you have to repeat everything." They worked together at Toronto's Second City theatre, the same concept to the original improvisational theatre group in Chicago until "one day," says Goldie, "Val told me I was a madcap comedian—and that I would never leave Toronto." Notwithstanding the fact that Goldie has always been an American, she took the advice to heart—and left.

Val's Bloomfield is not a unknown Canadian. In fact, she decided to take out her "green card"—the official permit that allows her to take any job in the United States. She does not think you can waste creativity in Canada—"unless you called The Pointed Hour and did it from Ottawa, so one would watch."

The first time she went to Hollywood, it overwhelmed her. When Lorne Michaels called to ask her to do the Lily Tomlin show she had replied, "I can't do that! She's my hero and idol." But she went anyway, lived for a while in a beach house, and fell in love with California and its palm-belts. "It was what it must be like when you're on road. Everything was real big to me. I remember the smells so well, the smell of my shampoo, the smell of the soap I was using, and the towels—I used to phoned home and put the phone up to the ocean."

But after she had done the Tomlin shows and some Bobby Ginnay shows and Mike Douglas and Merv Griffin, things went sour. After a legal dispute over who would manage her, Val packed everything up and headed to a cottage in White Rock, outside Vancouver, where she earned on her terms, appearing on several Vancouver productions, doing the odd television spot—and giving scenesters interviews telling everyone how lame the Hollywood had been.

Now, two years later, at the age of 28, she's back, and this time she's not just hanging out on her soap. She has returned armed with a new outlook and a firm resolve to stay away from the Day of the Lover mentality of Hollywood that had frightened her so much first time around. "You don't have to stay in town and go to parties. All you have to do is work hard and be good and go with the interview and be really, one, and then you will always have work."

You don't even have to hang out at the Improv or the Comedy Store, those smoky, cramped, depraved clubs where young comedy stars try out their act before doing "Johnny" or "Merv" or "Mike", where they showcase their act-liners for



Bloomfield and her dogs at home in Topping Canyon keeping healthy

agency people who file out on mass just as the guy on the one they came to see figures he's going to get a break. Val found the Comedy Store "real easy, a lot of performers there are better and better."

Val has been spending her time "paying her dues" as she shows people like to say. On the day following her show, she was at her desk in a tiny office cradled away in one of the fantastic old Hollywood studios writing a script for an actor television comedy special *That Thing*. "You may not be a star," says Bloomfield, "but you will always have work."

Val's Bloomfield's friend Paul, who is black and a comedian, says there are more things than being black—being homosexual, for instance. "At least when you're black, you don't have to worry about selling your pants." Val's son her parents a telegram. And unlike some of her more successful friends in showbiz, she does not let herself worry that an avowed disadventurer towards men could hurt a woman's chances in Times Town.

A friend of Val's living in Vancouver says Val has always wanted to "make the world perfect for women to live in." It's a professional level she and others like her—Lily Tomlin, the *Saturday Night* women, stand-up comic Elaine Barlow—have begun to open up the world of comedy for women by giving them something fun to laugh at. Making fun of it easily

funny to watch Goldie Radner freak out at a sherry party in honor to Val's Deby Dees come right off the wall when she discovers her ass has been in her shoes ("now I'll have to terminate everything"), but women have been there. The humor of a woman is illustrated by the humor of it all—very few women would ever want to say back into the stereotype they see before them.

Val's Bloomfield says her personal life is more important to her than success. To that end, she has chosen to live in splendid isolation—well, girlfriend Lynn Johnson and their three dogs—high up in the hills of Topping Canyon outside of Los An-

gelen, in a house she's shared like a last job. The distance from Los Angeles is deliberate—and symbolic of her own ambivalence towards success. She makes the plunge, moves to L.A. and then every day gets as far away from it as possible. Her odd partner, their Aykroyd guesses that the job may prefer, in his path, a "to stay healthy with her creativity." But Lorne Michaels, who pushed Val into her apartment before and may do to again. Agnes that success is about to come looking for Val's Bloomfield. "By now all the people who have to know about her already do know. She'll get her shot—sooner than anyone thinks." ♦

**Splendour in the glass.**  
Boodles. The Great gin from Great Britain.

# Quebec's white gold

To the PQ, asbestos is more than a business

By Graham Fraser

In most parts of Canada, asbestos is just another mineral. As say Grade 8 students know, it does not burn, is any asbestopaper reader knows, its fibers damage the lungs, its fibres, white, freyproof, strong. The asbestos is a byproduct of iron ore, asbestos, chemical formula:  $Mg_3Si_2O_5(OH)_2$ .

But in Quebec's Eastern Townships, it is white gold, the hope of future wealth, estimated enough, in fact, to have had its name adopted by a town, Asbestos, in Quebec, in the mid of 19th and symbol. As the mineral of natural resources, Yves Bérubé, told a Toronto audience recently, in Quebec asbestos represents hard times, death and foreign economic exploitation. "The asbestos in the ground and the piles of that ore is a symbol of wealth that could have been and never showed up."

The gritty town of Asbestos, 80 miles east of Montreal, is a kind of political backland where the Three Wise Men of Quebec federalism, Grand Préville, Jean Marchand and Pierre Trudeau, visited in 1949—the year, in Trudeau's words, when "Asbestos" caught fire. For the Asbestos strike of that year was the first spark of resistance to the oppressive position of the industry, and the anti-union policies of then-prime Minister Duplessis. Duplessis' personal police came to Asbestos to protect asbestos, providing a series of violent incidents, but despite economic pressure the strikers hung on and won their battle. Trudeau later called it "the violent announcement that a new era had begun."

Now, almost 30 years after that cataclysmic strike, the potent symbol of asbestos is once again in the forefront of Quebec affairs. The Parti Québécois government, galloped by the foreign control of this massive, important industry, passed legislation late last month enabling it to take over the giant Asbestos Corp. Controlled by General Dynamics of St. Louis, Missouri, Asbestos Corp. attracted the government's acquisitive attention as the only one of the five giant, non-Canadian companies running the mines in Quebec that produces no secondary asbestos products. It mines asbestos and its exports it, and with declared assets of \$258,476,000 last year, it particularly stands for the mass export of raw, unprocessed resources from Quebec.

With its troubled labor relations, as potential working conditions and its foreign ownership, the asbestos industry has longed at Quebec's consciousness. Consider that the Eastern Townships contain the richest deposits of asbestos in the

world and Quebec produces 35 per cent of the world's supply of the insulating fibre. But none of the mining in Canada-owned, and on top of that fully 97 per cent of the mined asbestos is exported, raw, to be converted into asbestos products elsewhere. Manufacturing with Quebec's asbestos, then, amounts to about 1,500 jobs in Quebec and 150,000 elsewhere. In the first, initial planning of the *Énergie Québec* framework "Canada is the major source of asbestos fiber and the United States leads in the manufacture of asbestos products."

The PQ government has now an early intention to define for reaching a negotiated agreement with General Dynamics and has engaged the New York financial analyst Kibben Peabody to evaluate Asbestos Corp.'s assets.

"They're buying a symbol. And they're going to make the company with a new name," said John Cusack, Quebec Liberal MNA.

"Since the 1930s, the asbestos companies have done pretty well what they liked and told everyone else to go to hell. Asbestos is a

Bérubé says that backdrop of Asbestos mine there's a symbol in their own hills.



nothing more in the people of this place, and in the people of anyone who cares about this province." —Economic Ross Kibben, former Quebec and Federal cabinet minister.

The tragedy of the asbestos industry is at the root of Quebec's history and self-image, and echoes through the culture. One of the most vivid images of industry paternalism in Quebec comes from the film *Mon oncle Antoine*, set in the asbestos and Asbestos Corp.'s town of Black Lake. An American, the owner of the mining company is pulled through the town on a sleigh and shown Christmas presents for the children once the snow has been of the employees' houses. Silent angry and frustrated, the workers stand and watch as the sleigh moves down the street.

The Parti Québécois program on asbestos is a gift. The government is committed to "ensure Quebec equity control" in the industry, create a marketing bureau that would have a monopoly, "as up a secondary asbestos industry," and draw up legislation requiring that a minimum percentage of the asbestos ore be processed in Quebec.

The government's current strategy

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however, like other key economic legisla-  
tion brought forward since the November  
15, 1976, election, is a compromise be-  
tween idealists and the constraints of a  
tight treasury.

Last October 21, after six months of  
study, the decision was announced. René  
Lévesque and Yves Bérubé made their  
way through the winding quarry roads  
south of Québec City to Thérèse Massé,  
where the piles of asbestos tailings seem to  
overpower the town itself. There, before a  
gustlike hail of 2,500 applauding asbestos  
workers and their families, they felt it  
be known that the government was going to  
buy out of the five companies. Asbestos  
Corp. said in the phrase that was to be re-  
peated many times, "pen the check."

Lévesque, his voice cracking with emo-  
tion, told the crowd: "Finally, finally, we  
can say that the asbestos industry is going  
to be profitable to the dollar extent for  
Québec!"

During the 1976 election campaign,  
Yves Bérubé seemed an improbable victor  
to the reporters who passed through the  
rural Gaspé riding of Matane. A 36-  
year-old professor at Lével, raising as he  
said his parents came from, he looked like  
a Québecois labelled "Crusé," an idiom  
hyperbolized, with a near professional  
hard-strained expression: a bit awkward in  
manner, and quite out of place. But Ma-  
tane was one of the cradles of the Parti Qué-  
bécois and full of members of winning, and  
Lévesque had personally asked Bérubé to  
run there. In 1979, Bérubé had been an im-  
portant campaign organizer for Claude  
Morin and Lévesque's principal cam-  
paign strategist, Michel Carpentier, had  
known him since childhood.

With his, and his party's, history, Bérubé  
was given two positions—natural re-  
sources and (until and finally) and soon  
improved colleague and civil servants  
with his group of the complex files of the  
new minister. He quickly moved out to  
expert and technician in a cabinet of tech-  
nicians and experts—a mining engineer  
and PhD from the Massachusetts Institute  
of Technology in a cabinet that prizes re-  
sult on its terms and technical ability.  
Bérubé swam in numbers and can pull  
them off like a pianist playing Chopin  
without a score—a skill that has impressed  
some and reassured others. He appeared  
as a car radio last year with a vice-president  
of Cascadur, Bérubé, former federal  
cabinet minister Michel Séguin. As Séguin  
fidgeted with a tie to find a figure to sup-  
port the company's case for shutting down  
a factory, Bérubé quoted it from memory  
impressed, Séguin said later: "He is serious,  
conscientious, well informed and works  
hard. My only regret is that he is in the  
government. He is a conscientious guy."

Séguin's John Gaudin, one of the Lib-  
erals most critical of the asbestos program,  
has grudging praise for Bérubé's technical  
skills: "He's one of our most competent  
guys. He knows his subject, he knows his  
files, he's technically competent. That's

more than you can say for a lot of these  
guys. To mingle with him, you've got to  
know your facts."

Bérubé is the architect of the govern-  
ment acquisition plan, but the real action  
on the bookings is his parliamentary  
colleague, Gilles Gauthier. Member for the  
riding that includes Thérèse Massé and  
knows justly as "The Asbestos Man-  
ner," Gauthier is a vivid contrast (a couple to  
the academic manner).

Gauthier is steeped in the traditions of  
back-country Québec politics. An ex-  
Cobble, he was René Caron's right  
hand man for six years, coordinating the  
province with him, speaking weekly on ra-  
dio 15 minutes. He was the friend of the  
Lévesque from 1963 to 1968 but in 1968 he  
threw away from the Ralliement des Qué-  
bécois and in 1970 he became an indepen-  
dent, elected representing to sit in the House  
of Commons. During this period, he formed  
the right-wing Ralliement National, which  
he led into a merger with the Mouvement  
Souverainiste-Association. It was Gauthier  
who created the name for the new party:  
the Parti Québécois.

Now, out of the rural parishes and small  
town dry halls, with the number-juggling  
and only humor that is central in Social  
Credit, Gauthier is selling the asbestos  
plan. He with Bérubé and two other deputés  
from the region Gauthier was in as he  
has a few weeks ago to present the govern-  
ment program at a public meeting. About  
100 people made their way through the  
light rain to the City Hall to hear a sub-  
stantive evening of political rhetoric. Michel  
Clair, the younger member of the Na-  
tional Assembly, gave a five-and-a-half-hour  
speech, blaming the opposition parties for  
their concern over the years, and Bérubé  
explained the nature of Québec's chem-  
ical asbestos production. But the star was  
Gauthier. In almost a rhythmic chant,  
he stressed over the statistics for asbestos  
production, asbestos imports from Qué-  
bec, and asbestos manufacturing jobs in  
the United States, Europe and Japan,  
proving numbers like numbers, to show  
how Québec was exporting not only as-  
bestos but jobs.

That he surrounded the audience that line  
of governments had talked about asbestos  
along the asbestos industry—no one had  
done anything. "You like the Asbestos? Giv-  
ing us something. They were poor car-  
nists, and didn't pay attention to their  
of the Asbestos were busy with their busi-  
ness, they each had about 30 men. They  
didn't have any time to pay attention to  
it?"

The audience laughed heartily.  
"But when they left their houses, it was  
their sons—for they had seen their sons off  
to university in the U.S., in Europe, in Eng-  
land, they said 'Papa, come out of the busi-  
ness. I've got something to tell you.' That  
you're selling for \$2 a barrel. That's seven  
cents a gallon—and it's selling at the pump  
for 55, 60 cents a gallon. What's going  
on?"

"So the Asbestos come out of their ha-

pers—and now, everyone's talking about  
pen-to-dollar!"

"Now, if not saying asbestos can pay  
as well as oil, but there's an image I want  
you to remember. Oil burns—and asbestos  
poisons burning!"

And the audience laughed again. It was  
a clear, crisp, simple, not quite honest,  
lively, early peppered with numbers and  
only a little misleading.

But, still, questions from the audience  
made it clear they were waiting to hear if the  
plan would work. And in Thérèse Massé,  
50 miles away, the mood in industry  
aligned. People are torn between dislike  
of Asbestos Corp. and his reputation for

being the want of the five items in work-  
ing conditions—and fear that the company  
has too many problems for the govern-  
ment to handle. "It's an old acid, with  
work-out equipment," vociferous presi-  
dent Olive Lévesque. And he is concerned  
that the government may be causing itself  
problems by buying only one of the five  
components. "If you don't become a gas,  
you'll be crushed."

Bérubé argued vigorously for the pur-  
chase, pointing to the reserves, the profits,  
and the cash on hand. "You ask yourself a  
number of questions," he says in an inter-  
view. "Is it a good move? Is there a good  
team of engineers? Does it work well? You  
say yes, yes, yes. Is it profitable? Yes. We



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are taking a company that is prospering in a team of engineers is very highly thought of. There's very good marketing artwork."

Asbestos Corp.'s president, Maurice Taché, refuses any comment ("You can understand my position. We're the boss in the sandwich"). But sooner or later he is concerned about keeping his executives on board during the winter period, hoping he can keep the network of agents around the world retrained, and trying to keep across clients from thinking that somewhere their supply might get cut off.

But a greater problem is the government's commitment to develop a secondary asbestos waste incineration and safety in the province. The industry argues that the only company to try, Turner & Newall, has consistently lost money, and that its plant is operating at only 36-per-cent capacity below annual 85 per cent of Asbestos Corp.'s fiber is asbestos unless fiber. Asbestos content has never been noted in Quebec, and since asbestos is only 15 per cent of the cost of a much cheaper to make it near the construction site rather than ship it long distances is limited form.

Experts disagree on how much of Quebec's asbestos can be transferred to the province. One report commissioned by industry suggested it could only go from three per cent to seven per cent, but Bélisle has estimated that in part and picked holes in some of its arguments, and it was with obvious pleasure that on May 18, the day after debate ended on the late-over bill, Bélisle traveled two manufacturing projects that the government and would double the amount of asbestos transferred to Quebec by 1992.

More than any members, agitators or provocateurs, what advising Bélisle and the



Levesque government with the take-over plan is their feeling of helpless exclusion from information and decision-making in what they see as a club-like industry. It is this sense of being left out of the company that rings at Bélisle and his colleagues when they hear the industry argue that it is impossible to have a profitable secondary industry in Quebec. "Perhaps we'll find we can only transform 10 per cent, maximum," Bélisle says. "Fine, but if we don't move, we'll be slandering their worthing the time put out—totally powerless."

Crucial to understanding the emotional tensions woven up in the take-over decision can be found in comparing the careers of Bélisle and the current head of Asbestos Corp., Maurice Taché. Both are French Canadian and mining engineers, but they have little else in common.

Taché was born in Normandy, but, although a French Canadian, went to school in English because his father was determined he should not be taught by him. He graduated from McGill in engineering in 1933 and went to work for the Normandy Group. 17 years with Copper Mines and nine years in Toronto as president of Grand Copper Mines and Newmont Mining and Smelting.

The years of school and business have taken their toll. Taché is now more at ease in English than in French, and francophone journalists make rude remarks about his French. Two days after

Givoguin, salesman for a take-over

the Paris Québec victory, he was named president and chief executive officer of Asbestos Corp. Now he sits in his office on the 19th floor of the Sun Life building in Montreal, and works.

For Bélisle, the idea that the government is buying into an exclusive club comes very naturally. The sense of having been excluded and slighted is at the root of his decision to join the Parti Québécois. Many top cabinet members can point to a moment of humiliation and rejection that played a part in their decision to opt for Québec's independence. In Bélisle's case, he had decided to go to MIT to study engineering, specifically to increase his chances that French Canadians did not have the training to succeed in private industry. He got his doctorate in metallurgical science and returned to Québec, assuming that the mining industry would open to him. But it didn't, and Bélisle reached the bitter conclusion that the world only opens when you know people—English-speaking people.

But when the emotion and myth and the very reason of the past are cast away, is the government making a mistake buying Asbestos Corp? The opposition parties obviously think so, they fought the bill vigorously at the National Assembly. Other people are less critical.

"The government has already backed a long way off the party program," says University of Québec political scientist Pierre Fournier, who recently completed a study of the mine enterprise in Québec. "The worst that can happen is the status quo—no cleaner working conditions."

And others are enthusiastic. "It's a pretty damned good idea," says A. Scott Fraser of the Montreal stockbroker Janssen, Fraser and Co. "It's a very valuable property. The company is going to throw off between \$30 and \$40 million every year. The government can pay off the company in a few years. They'll let us know that our's a good investment."

The other asbestos companies, meanwhile, are keeping quiet. Part of the reason, of course, stems from their sense that they may be next. The asbestos dispute clearly are not going to end in Toronto, and the companies don't want to antagonize the government. So they watch closely as the government makes its arrangements to "open the club," both sides will agree. But because of the enormous symbolic significance of the asbestos industry in Québec, the stakes for Bélisle, Levesque and the mine are very, very high. □

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## The World

### New-look Carter knows nice guys finish last

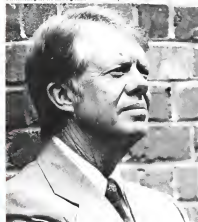
Every morning, White House confidants report, President Jimmy Carter takes a good hard look in the shaving mirror. Then very carefully, he practices turning his trademark smile into a snarl. Having discovered that a meek and mild president does not inhibit the American Midwest, Carter is in the process of donning a new tough-guy wig. The "minkie" is being carefully constructed, appropriately enough by one of America's most successful publishers, 44-year-old Gerald Ralston. The purpose is not just to toughen up Carter's embarrassingly weak-kneed stance abroad, but to improve his prestige in the country in time for the critical November midwestern elections.

The first major international display of the new Carter came at the recent 15-nation veto conference in Washington. In a surprising hardening of stance, Carter abandoned all pretense of accommodating the Soviet Union in hopes of improving the

chances of the current disarmament talks. Instead, he took a tough anti-Contra stance, loudly warning Russia and Cuba to stay out of Africa. And so if words weren't strong enough, Carter forced himself to don a severe face in both private and public speeches. The strong-man tactics seemed to impress most of the visiting world leaders except for Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau who dismissed them as "theatrical."

But with midwestern election campaigns (see box) in full swing—a vote seen increasingly as a test of coolheadedness in the President—Carter had to do something to lose the "soft-faced" label he has earned after 36 months in office. The latest Louis Harris poll predicts that if elections were held now both former president Gerald Ford and conservative Republican Ronald Reagan would beat him. More on soon will, the poll shows, that Senator Edward Kennedy could easily take the Democratic party nomination away from Carter for the 1980 presidential election.

**Carter losing the old winning smile**



**Kennedy can't say no too often**

The slow-motion disillusionment with Carter has been fast and emphatic. None of his dramatic performances has lost his initial favorable rating to quickly. For, while Carter has been responsible recently for the passage of some important proposals—including the Panama Canal Treaty and an arms package for the Middle East—his failures have generally been more spectacular. He has not managed to cut inflation. More than 50 per cent of black voters still can't find jobs. He has not yet got an energy bill through Congress and the economy is in poor shape.

In truth, Carter's greatest weakness has been a lack of skill in political manipulation. He has simply been unable to handle the Democratic Congress which took so much power after the Watergate debacle and now refuses to give it up. They have tripped him at every turn. But whatever the cause of Carter's troubles he already has competition, not on his and California Governor Jerry Brown is thought almost certain to challenge him for the Democratic nomination in 1980. Political analysts say that Brown is his "best coast" for middle America. The polls show Carter is preferred among party members by 54 to 29 per cent. But, using the early primaries as a measure of power, many might vote against Carter giving Brown the scent of victory.

This would cause the party hierarchy to flock to Teddy Kennedy as much the same way they did to Bobby Kennedy in 1968 when Eugene McCarthy nearly won the New Hampshire primary from President Lyndon Johnson. And although Senator Kennedy has said time and again that he will not stand, few believe him. Kennedy could win the Democratic nomination, but whether or not he could take the White House depends on how the nation reacts to the certain re-emergence of Chappaquiddick. Right wing Republicans are



Brown and Rosendahl: California elite

already firing headlines. Even now bumper stickers are appearing up in Washington which read: "BUTTER BE RUGGED BY NIXON THEN DRUGGED BY KENNEDY." WILLIAM LOWMYER

## The U.S. midterms: see how they run

The United States is again awash with presidential and political promises and pledges. Americans are getting up for the November 7 elections—the middle of the presidential two-year sprint—for all 436 congressional seats, 34 of the 100 senators and 36 of the 50 state governors. The individ-

Reagan's divorce from politics, perhaps



## COLOMBIA

### Dealing from the top

The assassins scribbled on the walls of downtown Bogotá roared out gleefully amid the usual election slogans: "Tachas suficiente," said one. Another was more explicit: "Mulla plus cocaine equals Tarbier." Even by Colombia's standard of political name-calling at election time, the attacks on 101-year-old Liberal presidential candidate Julio César Turbay had been growing increasingly vicious. But despite the onslaught by the graffiti artists and American narcotics experts who linked the name with the country's booming illegal drug trade, Turbay, a former foreign minister, was still able to demonstrate the rise for the presidency in Colombia's early June elections. The public apathy in his candidacy only underlined the general inclination to reconstruction that is underpinning one of South America's free democracies.

The apathy is not surprising in this nation of 25 million where cocaine and the famous "gold" cocaine have taken over from coffee as the major export commodity, accounting for estimated \$1.3 billion annually. A white man, short-limbed, has grown up in isolated almost entirely by the illegal proceeds. The scale of the operations is so huge and the profits so staggering—\$100 million to \$200 million in Colombia's sale of "coke" worth \$12,000 in Colombia's sale for \$500,000 in the U.S. or Canada—that it could not work without the help of top-level business and military figures.

Drug money is financing a number of political candidates. Two former socialist heads are under investigation for cooperating with traffickers. And other officials of

the House of Representatives have been paid for misuse of congressional funds, including the president of the House, a former justice minister and Turbay's right-hand man.

Turbay himself, according to the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration, was recently fingered by a cocaine smuggler captured in New York City. While Colombia's ambassador to Washington, Turbay apparently used his diplomatic passport to ship back drug money. His nephew, Amador Turbay, a young Bogotá lawyer, has been under investigation by both American and Canadian authorities and was once caught in Colombia in possession of cocaine and a packet of forged U.S. bills. But high-level pressures led to his swift release.

Understandably, the spreading corruption has alarmed the U.S. Seventy per cent of the "coke" sold in the States comes from Colombia, mostly by boat through Florida. In the past four years the U.S. has poured over \$600 million into Colombia to combat the drug trade, but despite a special anti-drug unit under the attorney-general little headway has been made.

Canada, as the next most important importer, is equally worried. Canadian drug dealers are believed to have been influential in getting a greater proportion of the marijuana crop trapped into the more complex hashish export to Europe for the largest market. And as a Quebecer who "tolerates" links to some local retail dealers along Bogotá's Seventh Avenue,



The Warrens: Is money really in the account?

his financial holdings. That may just cost him his third six-year term. In Illinois, 42-year-old Governor James Thompson is quoted to be among the brightest names in the Republican ranks, as using this fight to get in shape for going for the big one in 1980 or 1984. Considering the tricky waters he has to swim to get there, he will do well to hold on tightly to his rock-solid political-as-governor. WILLIAM LOWMYER



U.S. agents rule Colombian greed on the East Coast, a 'gold' dressed as money

So far though despite the pressure from both countries, the Turbay scandal has not qualified a serious investigation of the allegations, as much have been exposed, but a delicate shoring of the banks. Even Turbay's rival for president, Conservative Belisario Betancur, has made only a few half-hearted references to the danger of the "cocaine" that threatens to corrupt the country.

But while it is easy for Turbay to blame American studies on him as politically motivated as president he will face very real problems. Ironically, the worst problem, money inflation which hit a record 20 per cent last year, is only partly caused by the spiraling coffee price. Much of it is caused by the influx of illegal drug money. TIMOTHY MOORE

## ZAIRE

### The French connection

The religious war in Zaire from Zaire's aid of getting on their hands and knees to help the French protestors who had used them from their own military. The French give credit proudly. "France is

## NATO: The day the dove came through

There is no country with which it will be more pleasant to take a stroll on a sunny day. This was the prestigious Washington Post's editorial assessment of Canada as the United States' two-year friend, but surprisingly Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau read it over (initially with a bit of cynicism). And indeed it was harsh judgment. For Trudeau is known to attend the recent two-day NATO summit (NATO just committed Canada to increased defense spending by 3 per cent annually at President Jimmy Carter's behest).

But Americans have been growing increasingly critical of Canada's established policy of withdrawing its European-based forces from any nuclear role. They believe Canada is dragging and slowing under the U.S. defense umbrella, despite the country's substantial support for NATO's increased effort to combat the Warsaw Pact base buildup in Eastern Europe (October 29, 1979).

Canada's "dovish" image was further strengthened by the prime minister's summit speech in which he warned West-

ern leaders not to overread to the Soviet threat. But after offering strong support to the special United Nations session on disarmament in New York just the week before, he could do little else.

The major achievement of the 15-nation meet was the reaffirmation of a previously warned-out, six-year program to modernize and improve the efficiency of military services in Europe. This only purpose came when President Carter hinted that he would should some help block the Cuban and Soviet influence in Africa in countering this proposal. Trudeau was backed by British Prime Minister James Callaghan and French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing. "I don't want to get myself involved in any African adventures and I don't think the Canadian public would want us to."

There was some speculation that Trudeau's generally one-way approach to military affairs had led to a cooling of the general relationship with President Carter. However, a source close to the prime minister said: "This is entirely untrue. The President is extremely friendly and sympathetic to our point of view. The two leaders like each other as individuals and they cherish good friends."

France asked to protect nuclear interests—despite the fact that much of its uranium 45 percent of its manganese and 30 percent of its copper in Mauritania. French jets patrol the runway here taking the anti-Zairean view in the air. The French also sent the Algerian-armed rebels from the Sahara. In Chad, 30 French ground troops and 800 air troops share a 100-mile regime against rebels to protect potential mineral deposits. And the copper-rich Sahara, formerly Kwangira is partly mined by French companies.

France has been active in military and economic with 16 francophone African countries. Five countries have the right to call on France as any time for military help. And along with no permanent military bases, France maintains an 18th Air Corps force second only to the Soviets.


But while the Western world (at least France's) is usually busy in sending troops to Zaire, the world's oldest power was mostly prepping to fill the newly-opened left by President Jimmy Carter's new military policy in Africa. The French aggressivity in dealing with Western African nations against largely Soviet- and Cuban-backed rebels, in fact now seems to be spurring Canada to take a tougher stand. And partly due to this criticism, France will hold a meeting of Western and African nations to work out an African defense strategy. In so case the 21 francophone African leaders who met in Versailles recently showed that they at least had no gripes. As President Mitterrand said during the Moroccan press: "We have long lost the complex of former colonies. We have no qualms about asking for French help." (WILLIAM LOWMYER)

French paratroops in Zaire for the mission, for the fourth time in just over a year



## People

**Is Jayce McInerney** a devout, misunderstood ex-Mormon beauty queen with a "tender, profound and undetectable" love for a Mormon missionary, or is she the "hetero-chick" girl who abducted the young musician and raped him? You buy your British tabloid and you take your pick. McInerney, in the last alone sleeping ball in Britain in April and touring through a series of bizarre diagnoses, story one side ahead of Scotland Yard.



Wiederholer: a tough way to run a smoke line

Israeli producer **Menachem Golan** is very big over there, and many of his films, such as Oscar-nominated *Openness*. *Pharaoh* has also played successfully over here. So on his terms, he was slamming it at the Cannes Film Festival last month when he went all pink and squidy at the sight of *Carole Laure*, the sensual Giallisian star.

the Daily *Exponent* for her "exclusive" story. Unfortunately, as the *Exponent* began its planned series with a picture of the "insane" McKenney in her's park on conception, the Daily *Exponent* showed her nitiked with an inside story depicting her former days in Los Angeles as a sex hound who adored "delicious male massage on a far-cold wet waterbed." The *Exponent*, enthralled, withdrew the rest of its group-two-shoes series while the *Mirror* continued with the party suit. Meanwhile McKenney—innocent but both of them, in cost again with a fresh supply of walking-around money.

When Gary Carter, the apple-cheeked youngster who wins a bat for the Montreal Expos, is not in home watching reruns of *Happy Days*, he often sometimes he found time to do his only favorite hobby: baseball cards. Quite a collection he has too: 1,000 cards in all. "I have a few from 1955 and '56 [the year I was born]. I have the entire 1999 series. The manager was



Garter next, get them all autographed

**Closeup / Behavior**

The cracks are showing in the singles dream

By Judith Timson



My fantasy Charles He wandered in, found a friendly bartender who bought him one on the house and chatted amiably with him until the bar's owner strode in. "That's my boy," whispered the bartender. "He was bachelors of the Month in a recent issue of *Compassion*." Frank, in no mean better to surprise that he had just topped one of the magazine's past to make sure the bartender had not been putting him on. "Here's the guy walking into the room. He's obviously had a few too many, but what else is he doing? He's walking out with his trousers and his underwear! That's your bachelors of the Month! That's your bachelors of the Month!" That's your bachelors of the Month!

and having shared. He returned to his own single existence in Toronto no doubt reassured that it was all right if he didn't fit the stereotype. *Alibi*, the stereotype didn't fit the stereotype. In which case he could enjoy the carefully acquired symbols of an enviable existence—in a luxurious Corner Hotel, the luxury apartments—without actually having to live up to them, without feeling quite so submissive about sitting home alone on a Saturday night or preferring to play baseball rather than to handle the judge.

trend" says one broker) and the amount of real-estate silvering is going to be the single, separated, widowed or divorced (the more, the less parents will throw) market.

They didn't traffic guns during the summer on Montreal's Concord Street, but golden, glimmering buds of burnt and caffeinated marijuana were everywhere. They sat on the street corners, the aroma of the weed wafting from the smokers' mouths. The cops were everywhere, too, but they didn't seem to care. The cops were everywhere, too, but they didn't seem to care. The cops were everywhere, too, but they didn't seem to care.

Wicky Umeh (top left cover) and Frank Lautner (bottom right) both *Blacklist* too



Bureau from Queens and McEwen's and "Unmarried Women," the singles crowd on McEwen's Crescent Street had to meet people, harder to get involved

to meet her brother he sat and when she returned all tanned and glossy, where did she end up? Back at the bar, but she came with a different attitude. "I belong here, but I don't belong. It's a good place to have a drink, laugh with friends, not so hot to meet your Prince." What she left behind was that was also better than sitting alone in your room. If there is any message slipping up through the weeks of myth and confusion surrounding the single life it is, as one 35-year-old twice-married woman said, "that it's bloody hard to meet someone—and harder still to get involved."

In Ottawa, Jan St. Amant, the apparently married woman in the city's only singles center, also runs a high-rate date line for separated and divorced women. They each show up with a man they are not personally interested in, and trade him off to their friends. In Toronto, Barbara Dwyer, 33 and single, has organized, with considerable determination, the Toronto chapter of What's Hot International, the singles club "The singles people over 30." Lynn Trilling, a sociologist who calls herself "Miss Singles Queen," has organized with a dash of "Exotic"—homosexuality as for "scholar singles"—a Toronto Unitarian Church hosts a weekly get-together with the glitzy name of Lib-Lib. Vancouver lawyer Mark Skolch, 28 and single, preaches that night women "will be the new single bars." Dan King, who is studying at the University of Toronto, must admit "going the way to meet women."

It is not only feminists who agree that women's liberation has inevitably altered the relationship between men and women's relationship. "It has never been as serious

PHOTOGRAPH BY [unreadable]

serious as it is today," maintained editor John Faller in introducing the new bi-weekly *Exposé* magazine. Feminist Sherry Hatt has written a book about women and sex with a lesbian emphasis. "The Future of Intimacy," explaining they might be gay. More women—and some men—are admitting to being tired, frustrated and bored by casual sex. Some have opted for celibacy. One attractive social worker refused sex for almost two years because he could not emotionally connect with anyone enough to enjoy it. Another man, a 30-year-old former teacher, says: "The lonely part is that most men can't handle social relationships solely. They haven't read *The New Report* that shows women are not satisfied sexually by men and even if they read it, a lot of them wouldn't believe it."

For single women, it seems to be a question of higher standards, both in and out of the bedroom. The older they get the more money they earn, the more it like they get to

provide themselves with an interesting and attractive lifestyle. The less able cited say sociologists, the less likely they are to find someone with whom they can share it.

There is a woman, Sherry, who is 33, highly educated, attractive, professionally successful—and alone. Like most in the rest of the liberation wave and she thought she could have it all—a career plus marriage plus children. But somehow the chances she made took her further away from this possibility. Now she has swears right and worries about the future. Her career has become a job and not enough to control her life around. She does not regret her feminism or her thinking straight and independence but she wonders whether she could have made more romantic choices. Like women's journals. "I don't think you should promote the single life as anything so wonderful."

There is another woman, younger at 25, broader, bald now with the energy of what she is doing. Jill Massey plans actively

progress at the time, designed to help people deal with loneliness. She has lovely skin, light expressive eyes, and a businesslike conviction that most men are not worth the trouble. "I've been single a long time. It's hard for me to make compromise." There may be an underlying desire to have a steady relationship, but the acid for that is not the focus in her life.

A terrible irony emerges. While many women have not stopped wanting children some seem to have given up the idea of a husband. Barbara Greene, a consultant at the Metropolitan Toronto suburb of North York and an unmarried woman of 32, recently flooded her colleagues and constraints, not to mention her mother, by giving birth to a baby daughter. "I would have preferred to be involved in a long-term relationship," says Greene, "but it just hasn't worked out that way."

Women like Greene have a common experience. Where are they going to find men date equal? "I make \$15,000 a year and I'm deputy mayor of Canada's fourth largest municipality. Who wouldn't be intimidated?" The *New York Times Magazine* recently devoted an article to the aftermath of the feminist movement in which the male writer concluded that all of the women he talked to had an "explicit and implicit belief that their lives are more interesting and significant than men's lives. A common belief in their own superiority."

The contrast is painful. At a singles center occasion in Toronto's east in his forties in half-way out of his hair and balding. "You will women to stop looking down their noses at us. Tell them!"

The problem emerges. A man who has spent the last five years obsessed with his career and recently swapping five wives down and usually thinks how fast it would be to have a steady companion even a family. A woman in her mid-thirties with a husband and two adolescent daughters, quietly packs her bags and moves out, asking for solitude. For one place requiring not having settled down there.

are almost few clamoring to get out of an unhappy domestic situation behind sociologist Trilling, whose goal is to let people know there are options to what used to be known as the inevitability of marriage.

Barbara Greene has considered those options—and for the time being has come to some with her long-term. So has Frank Ledner. Both of them would agree that while the world in general still resembles a giant Noah's Ark, the single person in society is no longer regarded as a victim. That many others have not come to a similar conclusion only confirms Toronto psychologist Mary McKay's assumption that "the problem is not being single but how you view it." Dr. McKay, who taught a course on the single state for three years coming out of a with a black experience. "Very rarely did I come across someone happy or content being single, they all seemed it as a necessary state." Single men seem more isolated than single women, perhaps because of the new emphasis on individualism to have built up enough support systems of friends and relatives. Studies have shown that single men are the unhappy ones on earth, while married men are the happiest. "It has always been my conviction that marriage often more to men than it does to women," says McKay. For one thing, it offers them the chance to live longer. Single men die sooner than married men.

For another, a many guarantee their greater professional success. A study reviewed by University of Toronto sociologist Robin Tisdon showed that a third of the men thought they had been discriminated against in their jobs because of their bachelor status. Tisdon finds the U of T study took a very strong dislike depicting the myth of the single woman. "If you let's go to Concordia to Fatshe's weekend!" and I overheard a man on a telephone in a dental office, said: "Two cats and no love. I'll be home with the many of the men and the women—about all of them over the age of 30—who are not interested for the study. I'll be happy into the middle ground with friends, lovers,

self-paying jobs and a healthy sense of self-esteem." But at the same time, most of them said they were single more through circumstance than choice. And most of them said they would still like to get married if the right person came along.

Dr. Vicky Serfaty, who has been conducting studies on loneliness since 1964, does not believe there is a group to be a being alone. "The truth is that many people do not want to live alone," heated he says a single state of a realm in which men and women who have lost learned self-reliance must in a much more practical fashion, with the awareness, he says "that there is no intrinsic long-term relationship that does not pass the way of personal goals." Dr. Serfaty believes the dream is already off the screen. "What getting out of marriage doesn't depend as a need to I am sure there'll be a short of years again. Who wants to measure separation?"

In a three-story Tudor style upper duplex in Toronto, Lynn Trilling teaches at the Center for National Living. There are 13 other unconventional looking men and women gathered in the airy parlor (one green rug and hanging plants) of the Greene Room, taking a singles survival



Loneliness researcher Henry (left) and co-author Greene (alone) at the years go by, it gets tougher to compromise



course, attended significantly "Facing The Art of Being and Making." Trilling's approach is a blend of watercolors, the power of positive thinking and Albert Ellis' popular approach to psychology. Sometimes the approach seems a little thin but mostly there is method in her madness. She points to statistics that show only one in five women over 35 who have never married will eventually marry. But less than 40 per cent of divorced or widowed women over the age of 45 will remarry and cohabitate. "A lot of people are going to be single anyway so they might as well enjoy it."



# Sports

## Wrists of iron—and Clay

Canadians cherish the myth of the backwoods. No matter how suburban we become, we still like to think we have lumberjack genes in our loins. We may not own the world as we see it on hockey any more, but up there in our backwoods, by gosh, there are hickish shoulders, hard-core men who can break tables on their knees and chew the rump.

It seems perfectly natural for a wilderness championship to be held in Timmins, wilderness being a backwoods burrows sport and Timmins being a backwoods burrows mining town in Northern Ontario. No dazzling footwork here, you put his arm down or he puts yours down, been pure here.

Timmins has hosted the World Wilderness Championships for a ght years. At first it was a contest among the locals: Timmins vs. Raysa, Kapuskasing, Ingonish Falls and Chalmersford. Then the word spread. Wrestlers began coming from Newfoundland and British Columbia.



Double champion Clay Rosemeyer (above) and below right) a wilderness Doric



but the competition grew tougher. Last year, the Americans arrived—dramatically—winning two of the three weight classes.

This year, the results were more demoralizing: the Americans won all three categories. Two of three were won by Clay

Rosemeyer, a slip of a lad from California with a yellow, BOSS SAVES T-shirt and long blond hair tied in a ponytail. Clay weighed in at a quarter of a pound under the 175-pound maximum for the lightweight class, which he won easily, pushing down his opponent in less than a second.

Incredibly, he also won the heavyweight class, "taking" his 285-pound opponent in a grueling 36-second final. It was a classic struggle: Doric and Goshaw without the slingshot.

It usually takes only a second or two to determine a winner, but the effort expended is total, the effort surprisingly exhausting. This is a lock-of-the-daw, single-elimination tournament, which means that a man can go home, rip up all wounds, travel 2,000 miles and be knocked out in less than a second. It also can bring two champions together in the first round, which is what happened this year when Dan Mason of Massachusetts met Ken Taylor of Rayne, Quebec.

Taylor won the heavyweight class last year. Mason is one of the world's best. His name drew first. Mason charged up the steps to the carpeted platform like an angry bull. He roared, he stamped, he picked up a rock bag and flung it to the floor. He belted like a man who had backed into a blow torch. He won in three seconds.

The first that brought the crowd to its feet featured middieweight Steve Stunaway of Velpara and Vern Plummer, a local favorite from Ingonish Falls. Stunaway had beaten Plummer in the final last year and the lock of the draw brought them together again—a grudge match. The noise drowned Plummer's victory nearly blew the roof off the Archer Dillion Sportsplex. All winter Plummer had been psyching himself up for Stunaway, and by the time he faced Allan Turner of Brockton, Massachusetts, in the final, he was fired. Turner won in 17 seconds and jumped four feet off the floor.

Jumping four feet off the floor is no small thing for Turner, a graying 30-year-old lumberman who turned (and won) several hometown bouts. Rocky Marciano and once beat Clay Rosemeyer in a match that lasted two minutes.

Rosemeyer, one of 14 athletes, has been wilderness since he was five years old, but professionally for only four years. He is built like a basketball player, with enormous hands. "Like snowshoes," is a reference in Timmins and

Rosemeyer does not snort and stoop. He walks calmly to the stand, positions himself, and waits patiently at his opponent. He "loads up" frenetically through. Loading up is the term that doesn't have a wilderness game but the referee strategies the two hands. It is like tramping your accelerator to the floor with the brakes on. When the referee says "Go!"—when Rosemeyer slowly sinks into the second to push his opponent's wrist to the "goucha bar," a block of foam rubber on the table.

Freelance the city's shalant director of parks and recreation and the event's organizer, hopes Rosemeyer will be back next year. A great many hard-core men in the backwoods will be pecking themselves up for him. MARTIN O'NEILL

The only thing more rewarding than giving it, is sharing it.



# Health

From the folks who brought you Lactrel



The perennial display of bottles at Markham's Nutrition Centre health food store has been changed now to include a more modest bag of vitamins, but the ad-libbed sign—"WE HAVE IT—LACTREL"—still takes up a lot of space in the window. For a few weeks in March and April—about a New York magazine controversy on the alleged weight loss attributed to night owls eating everything from alcoholism to heart disease to osteoporosis and also provide 10-15 grams of protein you'd along the way—B-15 had the personal display all its own.

The article set off such a wave of interest to come early Basking in the United States that the health food life became a major acid-popped regularly only by health foodies at stores and U.S. equivalent health stores—became an overnight sensation on both sides of the Atlantic and a major part of the health food store's business. In Canada, the reaction has been somewhat more restrained. One Montreal health food store is waiting until it has something else to offer before re-filing its stock of B-15, and Vancouver proprietors aren't ordering at all because they're not sure the B-15 image is "price enough."

Discovered in an animal job in 1951 by David T. Krebs and J. L. —the people who developed Lactrel, this controversial possible cancer cure from the same source



He was at giving one message to the press

B-15 increases the supply of oxygen in the blood and its uptake into body tissues. As New York magazine put it: "From this simple transaction many medical marvels follow." The most marvelous are those reported by the Soviets whose experiments with the Krebs formula in the mid-70s reportedly came up with a product that could cause a major panic among biologists in the London medical belt. The Soviet version of B-15 took a series of its functions: helping autistic children communicate, slowing up old age, curing drug addiction, enabling people who have difficulty walking to jump over fences after treatment. But can they walk?

Apparently, in the U.S.S.R., they can. However, the U.S. Food and Drug Administration thinks the B-15 marketed and consumed in the U.S. really is the pill. The FDA has been seeing shipments and taking manufacturers to court charging that some of the products contain illegal food additives. Promoters claim B-15 is a vitamin, but says the FDA, it is not because it isn't required for normal growth and maintenance of life.

Meanwhile in San Francisco, 62-year-old backer Ernest T. Krebs Jr. (the older Krebs, a physician, died 10 years ago) is viewing the commercial hype on B-15 with dismay. "Almost all the versions on the market are nutritional nonsense," he says.

Manufacturers are grinding out a highly competitive, non-true placebo," Krebs does not know the quality of what is now being produced in Canada. English Canada's Profection B.C. firm, developed the brand, says chemist and vice-president Dr. Ganga Pandey. "By following the methods in the Russian reports," And the federal Health Protection Branch is leaving B-15 alone so long as no one promotes it as a drug or vitamin.

But the cause for the "food supplement" has spread at least one Toronto health food store. "It is really that hot an item," says Anne Levine, whose drug store now sold 50 packages of 100 pills at \$8.96 each, every week for a month. "Maybe I'll start taking it myself," he says. "But you don't know which of these things is good. People can write an article to make it look any way they want, depending on how they feel that day."

Krebs, busy with Lactrel for the past few years, has until now kept his own production of B-15 limited to an experimental supply, but the current excitement over what he calls "unappropriately controlled garbage" has forced him to begin making "generic B-15" in larger quantities. He expects it to be ready within three months and believes that eventually the product will be administered by physicians, as people like the 37-year-old Texas woman who when she received a shot of the Krebs formula "became bright and alert," but "turned off like a light" when she died. He notes, "In fact, in picking up medicine sales to health food shops, and health food buffs," SARA PERRO



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## Religion

### New driver for the Cadillac of churches

In the '60s, in the final years of her life Lady Flora McGee Eaton would visit Timothy Eaton Memorial Church, a church her family had built every Sunday. She had a simple "Tregal" made for her by John Craig Eaton, the would-be down the long central aisle, past the high arches of the balconies and the modern-shaped vents in the floor that once accommodated gentlemen's bowler hats, down the aisles and out the west end of the only covered pew at Timothy Eaton. Then, in 1966, she would have been welcomed to the English Gothic church that ticks the lower edge of Forest Hill by a coffin featuring a two-ton brass bell called the Tregal. When she knelt in her pew at the Anglican altar, she would repeat prayer offered by a minister who presided at a congregation that had become renowned as the largest, the richest and the most powerful Protestant church in Canada.

Now, with the recent appointment of Rev. Stanford Lucyk, the establishment church and only place to attend for socially

mobile worshippers of the United Protestant will get a new (reborn) minister. Unlike his predecessor—brood, advanced Rev. George Morrison, 61, a former cooperator of new World Trade Corporation with financial establishment executives—Lucyk, 41, is Ukrainian, working-class and divorced (although, these elements have not so far deterred the members of the congregation choosing on their web pages). But then, the appointment was not a surprise. It was the church's board of trustees—which includes Lady Eaton's grandson John Craig Eaton, but also a lawyer Frank McEwen, chairman of the Toronto-Dominion Bank, Allen Leach and James Kerr, chairman of TransCanada Pipelines.

Lucyk, whose minister at Kingston's Chalmers United Church until he took over at Timothy Eaton in September, was formerly a minister in Sullivan and Hamilton. He admits some trepidation at the size of Timothy Eaton's 3,600-member congregation and the price of a physical plant that occupies 90,000 square feet, but



means for his \$49,500 salary. 390,000 square feet more and including privileges of the Jewish Promises Club up the street Lucyk will give Timothy Eaton what most believe the board is looking for—in a casual vice-president who can preach. He is clearly conservative. "It's incumbent on the country's largest congregation to not move outside the church," he offers in modulated tones. "or be a law unto itself."

All hints with formal types of service. Lucyk is at ease with the age of many at Timothy Eaton toward the grander forms

of worship characteristic of the Church of England. He would have pleased Lady Eaton. It was she who in 1916, appointed the door Methodist architect and some design of the original church and installed huge stained-glass, a central processionary aisle, and a distinctly Anglican sanctuary.

The result today is an estimate that a still church building that clearly would make the cathedral. Lady Eaton wanted worship in the grand manner. In this case, when mounting costs produce churches that look like hybrid sub-stations it is progressively more difficult. "The Eaton lot is a Cadillac," sighs the retiring George Morrison. "Now we have to keep it up." *Tonnesen*

Lucyk in the Chalmers United church so far, no checking on vice-preside

## Law

### Streamlining justice

No one disagrees with the principle of equal justice for everyone, rich and poor. What raises the moral temperature of those concerned with Canadian law is living up to that principle. How to ensure justice for people who can't afford a lawyer. The same commitment to waste efficient efforts over the case are Ontario Attorney-General Ray McMurtry and president of the Canadian Lawyers Association Robert Carter who last month engaged in a thorough demonstration of another legal framework—the advocacy system.

Debut was McMurtry's plan to streamline legal aid, established just 11 years ago with public defenders' offices like those in the United States and in Mexico. Under the present system, defendants who qualify for legal aid can hire any lawyer who will accept both the rate and the government-approved fee. The public defender system would eliminate the freedom to choose, do better lawyers employed



full-time by the government would have their overheads covered. In Carter's view that would make them *de facto* salaried, like Crown prosecutors and judges. All three parties in the courtroom would end up wearing the same hat. Public defender offices charged in May would soon demonstrate why "lawyer mafia choosing a gaily plea"—which he says now happens in the United States. McMurtry countered that Carter was simply worried about the potential loss of clients, while all the government wanted to ensure was "quality legal services" for everyone.

But London standards both positions. As vice-president of the General Lawyers Association as well as being on a special law society committee co-opting with the advocacy system, he was divided that lawyers are reacting too anxiously. "Public defenders are a threat to centuries-old legal traditions like the right to independent counsel and lawyers think that could lead to the 'bureaucratization' of the profession," McMurtry's proposals are based on the Washington D.C. system said to be the best in the United States. He thinks a public defender system would provide more uniformly competent lawyers because they would specialize in criminal law. But that wouldn't necessarily guarantee the best counsel. Says Toronto criminal lawyer Clayton Ruby: "Without a bureaucracy the system would be organized in

McMurtry guaranteeing a quality defence or building self-serving bureaucracy?

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Carter—demanding more than a factory built quality plant for the impoverished

more state. Any employee who caused a snag at the smooth running by taking too much time on a particular case (an exemption, could hardly expect: no agreement or promotion). "James Shelton is a Milwaukee lawyer and lecturer on the public defender's efforts have fallen into 'public defender' because of plain-language abuses. They promote two sets of law, one for the poor and one for the rich. And though McCarthy hopes that the offices could provide extra social services, he says that the system is not designed through ten cases of conflict and law. Shelton says those options 'just haven't worked' in the United States. 'I tell people to look at the great system in Canada. It's the only one that enables a man without money to get the same defense

[illegible]

Let there be life

There were a few in the wheel yards of the station when taking your train hurried drag on a *Manitou* or *Vancouver* cigarette brander so you ate a story. And what train? The passage indicated you used the mysteries of beer, you wanted a good Canadian drink (it all "50¢ or 60¢" was imagined not just in all those days, it was just quietly disappearing as the train gently rumbled, all the healthy 50¢ worth of way into the consumer consciousness). In the past year Canadians have seen the light in the things they ingest, and beer cigarette self-indulgence and even coffee companies have responded with a massive scramble to up their end.

The most vivid example of the attempt to defuse radioactive consequences, especially in the so-called "hot" industries, has been in Canada's \$2.4-billion uranium industry. It has been the most successful of all attempts. It has been the only one to show a rise from 15 to 120% of last year's production in 1979, a 15% increase from 17 per cent in 1980 to more than 30 per cent today. Since last year Canada's \$1.6-billion uranium industry after several years of flat growth, recently branched into new brands of light breeder (low-enriched) and even heavy breeder (enriched) uranium. "The industry is doing very well," says John Smith, director of marketing services for Benson and Hedges, which markets four of the 36 Canadian light-coprocess brands. "Forward to the specific products, the industry is doing well. The industry is doing well."

Captain at its most resilient is responding to the "Do his/her-consumer-esteem" choice in solid dressiness or swiftness to ease the bitter taste. Chewy, gummy or non-offered sugar-free. Whisking is again as beautiful (another miraculously soft) as it is a little bit more like a warm water with a twist. More often than in the Canadian brewing industry, especially with the greenish success of Miller Lite beer in the United States. When Miller launched the light beer revolution in 1972 (although U.S. brewers now state their lights), the company languished in several places in the \$6-billion U.S. market.

By 1977, largely as a result of Miller Lite sales, it edged up Schlitz's name from two to three spots in the national ranking. It spoke with authority and by 1977, Canadian brewers had joined its list.

But unlike other marketing areas, Canadian brewers aren't paying response on the basis of U.S. results. Home-grown organics and beer have traditionally been viewed by the Canadian consumer as harder than the watery beer and effie caprefies they encounter in Florida states.

As a result and because existing largely unpromoted low-alcohol beers in the West have done poorly, Canadian manufacturers have proceeded tentatively. The four brands (Carling O'Keefe's High Life 2.5 per cent alcohol, Hamminger's Beer/Light, 2.5 per cent, Labatt's Special Lite 4 per cent, Molson's Light, 4.5 per cent) are being selectively marketed, mostly in the West, with only two Molson's Light and Hamminger's Beer/Light available in Ontario. Special Lite, sold in Newfoundland, is to be the only light variety east of Ontario.

The battle for the vice of the cigarette is represented by low tar cigarettes (some

Vancouver sees the light in tobacco stores (right) and beer stores, translating health consciousness into healthy sales



smoking habit by alone not smoking, have produced light by sales topping 70 per cent over the last two years ago. As a result, cigarette companies are increasingly shifting career assets with full-solar day play and introducing new brands, some times at the rate of one a month. Lights are such an unqualified success that some experts think the end of the plastic cigarette is only a matter of time. Manufacturers who are not marketing must be based on the fact that the cigarette is a product of the first half of the 20th century. The cigarette is their full strength caution, from the first half of a position of moral neutrality. "This is no unusual manipulation of the



Interestingly, Quebec has remained seemingly unaware of these issues, attitudes and points. In a sun of Angles worried about sagging markets and jiggling times, they have been spared American basketball players shed light blue and glow images of home-town socialist hunting companies. They are content, according to the *Montreal Star*, to "let the American English-Canadian community to have their beer, cigarettes and vodka; pay the way they always have; and live the unhappily long straight."

# Education

## Dilemma of the empty desks

There's a wondrous nostalgia lunge to the remake that almost cost the head of Ontario's Commission on Defining Educational Policy last year. Sixty-eight years old, educational statistician Robert Jackson has built a career out of one of the major Ontario government reports on education over the past 30 years. But faced with the demographics of what he describes as "the present crisis in education over"—the fact that Canada's baby boom children are not reproducing themselves in numbers large enough to fill the predicted educational growth curve—Jackson seems to have had a flicker of the "common sense" for which Education Minister Thomas Wells has praised him. Jackson's recent report, a statistical document outlining the nature and extent of declining school enrolments presented to the Ontario legislature in early May, carried full-page portraits of two teachers of what he labelled "concentrated" spaces—"a regular classroom and a late winter child. With the spread of the education system he helped to build falling apart, Jackson advised the country to turn back the clock, to incubate more '50s baby boomers, pay women to stay home and have children, even propagate them lest a child of the present generation comes to prefer the pill to childbirth. His suggestions outraged educators and members of Parliament who felt his nostalgia for the boom years of Canadian education was a dangerous omission. Rather than thinking through changes for radically different needs, Jackson wishes he could somehow manufacture children to fill the vacant classrooms, keep the bellies in the balance.

He may'st lost his credibility as a statistician. Jackson's one-man commission has the most comprehensive mandate of all the groups studying the problem in Canada, drawing an already completed report from British Columbia, Manitoba and Quebec, and looking at American and Swedish solutions. What he's found so far won't keep his budgetary staff. As in all earlier ministerial commissions with shaky outcomes—and where the role of women is changing—Canada's fertility rate is dropping. A population's "replacement level" is 2.1 children per family. Jackson predicts Canada's birthrate (1.9 at present) will shrink to 1.5 by 1984. School enrolment will echo fertility, declining sharply in the mid-1980s and reaching a pre-50s

level World War levels by the end of the century. Though Jackson says numbers have been dropping since 1966, the situation only begins to feel like a crisis last year's walk-long teacher layoffs and two to three school closings in every city across Canada.

So the problem is declining enrolment. But the problem is also that most provincial governments are not, as Ontario's Tom Wells puts it, prepared to "try doing it any way" or even maintain 1966 levels of spending. The dilemma for commissions like Jackson's is whether to justify massive cutbacks because declining enrolment makes a good excuse of to use the crisis as what Norman Gable of the Canadian

Jackson (right) notes there are ways to stop the decline in school enrolment



Toronto teachers rallying against staff cuts (above) and teacher strikes enjoining on empty classrooms at Ottawa's Crickton school (teacher/teacher antigay)



Teachers' Federation calls "an opportunity to raise the quality of education." A quick survey of letters to the editor columns proves that education spending has lost its appeal for taxpayers. But at the same time public opposition at the school system are still as high as they were in the '60s. Education is poised to treat the whole child—as personal and social development—not just encourage his academic growth.

How difficult it is to chop costs while attempting to keep up with those expectations is apparent when one looks at the options for education savings. Closing down

schools whose enrolments drop (funding has been tied to the number of bodies in the classroom) seems an obvious first step, but the sentimental outcry when a community school shuts down is politically hard to take. Aski James Curry, president of the Ontario Teachers' Federation, "In the control of education to be a child standing before a locked classroom door?" Crickton Street Public School in Ottawa was faced with such a crisis three years ago when its enrolment dropped to 73. The local parents' group applied to such political pressure that the 103-year-old school was kept open as a pilot project for alternate uses. It now space to Highland dancers, private daycare, a clinic for the mentally retarded, and holds community centre games. It has also a principal and double up prices, but four classrooms are full. Though small schools cost more per pupil (administrative services can only be cut so far) some people think Crickton could be the school of the future. Says vice-principal William Jones: "The declining enrolment which gives us a small school might also be giving us a good return on the extra money."

Teachers are the other obvious target for cost-cutting—their salaries account for two-thirds of school budgets. Norman Gable predicts that possibly 30,000 of 350,000 Canadian teachers will be playing roulette with their salaries by the year 2000. The touchy thing is that doing so won't necessarily ensure massive savings, the first to go will always be the lowest-paid general teachers. And since staff can't help wondering how well they can teach while trying to dig their fingers into the chalkboard surfaces of jobs sliding out from under them, The Manitoba, Ontario and several teachers' education benefits are a flurry of stopgap agreements: more adult education, more special education, lower classroom teacher salaries, early retirement, teacher retraining, sharing teachers' colleges. The profession is panicked.

There's one more issue—raised by a group of Toronto teachers who presented a petition brief to Jackson called *Don't Share the Teacher!* They believe the head-on-bank-breaking declining enrolment crisis is making serious problems in education. Failure in literacy, increasing vandalism and increasing the school's "curriculum mission" that makes it hard to know what to teach in the '70s, a rising antagonism between teachers and parents that damages the classroom learning atmosphere. They feel these problems should not be considered an expense from declining enrolment, that governments should not "think only of cushioning the blow." What is needed, they say, is a serious re-evaluation of educational priorities. And they hope that in September, Bob Jackson's final report does not just outline how to gradually shrink the school system, but tackles two almost impossible questions: What should education be in the 1970s, and what should it become? SEE MCGRAW-HILL COLLEGE



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# O Israel, Quebec and Canada, I stand on guard for ye!

Column by Mordecai Richier

My cultural loyalty lies just above everybody else's in this schismatic country we call home, combining, I was born in the province of Quebec, a Jew, very ethnically Canadian, and the demands on my heart being made by each group seem to not increasingly contrary.

Take Quebec, for instance. There are, as defined by present Members of Cultural Renaissance Canada's Laramie, two kinds of citizens in the province: those who celebrate his cultural policies and those who

had their state-minded. Laramie and our other elected leaders in Quebec City are for independence, saying our culture will thrive only if we stop serving in the bowels of wood and downers of water in the larger Canadian scheme. And yet—and yet—independence we are told again and again, is economically guaranteed by the neighbor to the James Bay project. Oh, yes, please, we will again bring downers of water for the rest of Canada, only to become suppliers of water-powers to New York state.

This is not to say I agree with the selfish sense of many of the God's men for Montreal, who recently represented his government at the celebration of Israel's 30th birthday in the Montreal Forum, reasonably observed that that was a national event. "When it was over," he wrote in the Montreal Star "I said to our Jewish war veterans, a very sympathetic Quebecer: 'I hope one day you will also come and celebrate with us the independence of Quebec.' His reaction was typical. He told me he was afraid of nationalism."

Could it be, he said, that there was a Jewish standard, that some people accept their own nationalism and reject anybody else's? He had a point. Quebec's Jewish origin who essentially support Israel but resolutely oppose independence for Quebec are on a somewhat windy moral waters. They find it inconceivable that Jewish Israel has a right to be a nation, but they support it as a nation, sometimes opposing any of church and state over there. Furthermore, while it is possible for me, with relative impunity, to lead Laramie in an abundance, were God to speak out against Menachem Begin he would immediately and similarly be

headed in anti-Semitic.

My answer is to first that Quebec Jews who do not support their state are living on a double standard as well as being disloyal to something in our cultural heritage. But, on the Jewish standard, as to Begin he is at least as disloyal a politician as Laramie is worse than being disloyal to your culture, it is obvious.

The little light-hearted Israeli dance in its independence I was one of those who danced in the streets of Montreal. I was

scholarship to Israel is large. I remain a Canadian.

Some years ago the late Zionist leader Moshe Shertok, on a visit to London, advised a group of writers of Jewish origin to desert. Why, he asked, is reproducible, did we not love Israel, writing our novels or plays there? What was wrong with it? Finally we explained that it certainly Jewish we were also Britisher away east, Canadian, and worse of the society we had sprung from. He shook his head, dismayed.

If, as the Laramie or Shertok said, I am an unloving Quebecer and an inadequate Jew, then on the Canadian nationalistic side. I also find myself rarely waiting. I cannot, for instance, accept that Frederick Philip Grove is one of our cultural treasures, a classic I would like to be at one with Canada Packers Inc. on this but 30 years of reading cry out no no. And now, if the pole are to be confused and Joe Clark does have a real chance of becoming our next prime minister I fear that his election would couple all my cultural and creative misgivings. To be sure, Joe Clark has had a rough time from journalists. It is, for instance, not true that he never ventures out into the streets of Ottawa without announcing his pocket with a coin, but he blew away on the first wrong word. But were he to be elected it would obviously be without the support of my province and, as a Quebecer, I would find myself without appreciation at a Joe Clark government.

My Jewish loyalty would also be involved. It is the leader who refused to withdraw his support in a Quebec by-election for a candidate running under the Conservative party standard, who was an anti-Semitic of the most primitive sort. Zimmon he had said, could be equated with Nazism. And the death of the six million was a myth, Jewish propaganda. Sometimes I wish I had not been born in Quebec, a Jew, very ethnically Canadian, but instead something culturally simpler. And for that in a different country. Say, a Swiss Protestant, where my loyalties would be absolutely clear-cut, all allegiance due to the international exchange rate.



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# Films

## Less can still be more

MADAME ROSA  
Directed by Mike Marshall

She keeps narrating, hearing her own voice and the small voices she has learned to cherish: a victim of *Gaslight*, kindly on her last lap and trying to make a difference. Madame Rosa is a former street-walker who keeps in touch with the mod-

ern private human concerns intimately over-riding social and political considerations: gets a remarkably contained tomorrow; paradoxically, not restrained. We were to be able to split it off from the old stuff, but the director doesn't allow us to (privately, in the music of high art), as he constantly reminds from emotional scenes that



Signoret, Rose: A solid isn't safe

ern downsides by caring for some of us children in her small house. With her line running out and *Gaslight* in increasingly difficult to find in from the embarks on her last crusade, in love one of her charges, a sensitive 14-year-old Ash boy named Marco (Stacy Ben Young) in her room of some kind. The only legacy she's able to pass on for the springs of affection qualified a long time ago from strangers at strange hours in strange places.

See one Signoret, her hooded eyes glancing with an air and her face twisted into a map of a million emotions, bubbles away with the moving performance that could have stolen scenes from *St. Teresa of Avila*. Without her director Mike Marshall's conscientious effort, which he adapted himself from Emilio Aguir's 1975 Prix Goncourt novel and won the Oscar for best foreign film last year, would have been directed for sympathy. The theme—that

cause of artistic reasons." Also about dying. She wants to be buried under a tree, where she says she'll be fine. It's all said with the delicacy of dandelion falling on a table top moved by a breeze or the dignified turn of a head.

LAWRENCE O'CONNOR

## But more is often less

THE BELSON  
Directed by Burt Reynolds

Before he made this film, Burt Reynolds acknowledged that his role as it was the same Woody Allen, not that Reynolds usually played because Reynolds is so affable and sharp performer who became a star on the basis of some good-of-boy action programming, that did appreciate massive raps about the merits of not retiring on one's laurels. And not only would Reynolds star in this black comedy about a man who discovers he's got no more than a year to live, he would direct as well. All that denied him Allen's full satisfaction is that someone else (Jerry Belson) did the script. And since it's the script that's the national one, Reynolds can be thankful he's not responsible for that as well.

Belson's premise is questionable, to say the least. The point is not that death shouldn't be a subject for humor. The point is: What is this black comedy if there are any indications that Belson might be interested in something more than a simple imitation? The "human" means no, as either less or than the final-fodder official duty on the scene—mostly guiding between this guy, toward in writing more than his own gay content. The end drops in jokes like rocks into mud.

As for the size, Reynolds is a likable actor who can hang onto and use sympathy even when the jokes are in crude and sour

DeLuxe. Reynolds: Don't change page



thunder to become too much for him to handle either dramatically or visually. The script put into the movie by that kind of metaphorical piling and the mood on some of Madame Rosa's monologues would have debilitated the performance of most other actresses. Whether she's sending a separate, burning out sympathy or giving a delicious second glance to a 100-franc note she's shuddered because of a small change, Signoret keeps us riveted to the simple changes of mood registering in her face. The expressive beauty in her hands and the impact of the play of her face.

Rosa says she hasn't believed in God since *Gaslight* and wants for His plea for forgiveness. But she's still a Jew, whose hosts of anxiety attack her and the relief waiting for the Nam she heads for her vacant basement visitor filled with returns, candles and cobwebs. Could out for a piece. Signoret depicts the farthest from her gut, and Rosa tells directly about her life, including going up when "the

as they are. In another way, though, his presence complicates the disintegration Belson's script began. The role requires someone capable of accepting the kind of inner conflict that can't be kept. For instance, with an extraordinary monologue to God, Woody Allen, with his pig-willing background, might be playing against Belson's guy—have achieved a kind of truth and created a necessary tension. But he's blind that, decided out in some not pig-willing, is unstable through his plan with a case of the money-cuts and who the price of any comic edge.

As for the director, Reynolds hasn't been able to do much for his fellow actors other than live performance like *Joevent*, *Woodward*, and *Sally Field* come across thrill and comedy though there is one answer: Don DeLuxe. As a remnant of the postwar hospital where Reynolds is taken after a suicide attempt, not only and most-eyed Don—part Lou Costello part Warner's camera—offices in a peculiar brand of manic shock and never to better effect. In the frenetic lessons of Mail Bookman humor that the movie delivers into its first half hour. DeLuxe's inventive talent almost makes one forget what he's before. JOHN LOMBARDI

## Perchance to scream

ALICE, PAUL & ALICE  
Directed by Alfred Sole

In one stunning sweep an unknown director named Alfred Sole has assembled a capsule of the entire history of classic thrillers—from *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* through *Carne*—and in the same audience, perhaps, toward all the old dark marks of the genre. *Alice, Paul & Alice* set in a somewhat New Jersey town in 1961 where the pacts of Italian Roman Catholic profane and act as a backdrop for

ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY

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# Guy Lafleur? Barth Gimble? What ministry do they work in?

Column by Allan Fotheringham

If you want to know why this country is in trouble you must know that one night recently, one in a quantity of one, I was in a room around a kitchen table with a senior minister of the Liberal cabinet—this happened to be in the midst of the Stanley Cup annual extravaganza—who professed not to know who Guy Lafleur was.

Three weeks after the famous story when the Trudeau adds the following story when he

learned that a cut off from the ordinary flow of thought that links people and nations in the real world.

Proof of all this is given by surprisingly someone who thinks he is defending this unacceptably-organized city. Dr Gerald Sawer-Potter, head of publicity at the University of Ottawa, says the city's schools demand more personalized, pleasurable services than any similar popula-



tion in Canada—not because they're richer but because they're smarter. "Ottawa has the highest concentration of well-educated university graduates—law, culture, middle- and upper-middle class people—at any city of its size in the world."

Now, Mr. Trudeau is from a different milieu and a different culture and is not exactly a devotee of the statistics of American professional team sport, but others have fewer excuses. In Ottawa the other day I made some references several times to several different occasions before some very important jobs, to Barth Gimble, the former figure in nature these days. They thought Barth. They'd never heard of him.

Barth Gimble is the fictionist who shows his play by Martin Mull on the many Norman Lear occasions. America 2 Night 1 puts down politicians and more journalists, questions and has pretty well denigrated anyone who will take seriously Johnny Clinch and like-minded minor characters. Martin Mull's Barth Gimble has become a cliché figure over the last year; the program is called on an Ottawa TV station every night and my friends had never heard of him. I once made mention of Robert Fulford, editor of *Saturday Night* and one of the best known critics in Canada, to one of the guests at that evening in Ottawa. She had never heard of him.

All these seemingly-unconnected names are little shards of evidence in what makes up a country. It doesn't exist there, added on its own power, reflected by a self-educated people.

taken in Canada—not because they're richer but because they're smarter. "Ottawa has the highest concentration of well-educated university graduates—law, culture, middle- and upper-middle class people—at any city of its size in the world."

All three, and all the more reason why it is a complicated place to discuss, mostly to the further comfort of the individual people who live there. Ottawa—the Canadian voters name this without precisely knowing why—has become a freak pasture for those who had after success. As the good drink proudly tells us, most of its people have upper-lower-class status. Ottawa civil servants are now the highest paid in the world. It is a one-industry economy: pulp-and-paper town in all three faces of employees—whether politicians press or civil servants—sucking off the main tree.

We've dealt with that before in this space, but it is the simple lack of work with the common reality that affects the rest of the country that is so apparent. The *Toronto Star* largest and richest paper in the land 90 percent may be an obvious unknown in this town. On the other hand, it must be one of the few national capitals in the world where the major influential papers—the *Toronto Star*, the *Montreal Gazette*—are from elsewhere. The national and U.S. magazines that

somehow make it to Vancouver, 3,000 miles distant, on Tuesdays regularly drift into Ottawa on Thursday or Friday. No one seems to notice. It is a city that operates in mental slow motion when it comes to matters relating to the real world.

The airport serving the nation's capital with most disorganized and chaotic terminal in the country. Doug and Jane have been hired to point the directional signs to the planes. It is so bad one gets the impression, and sometimes must it, that they do. They are called Air Canada. The latest good book? Sorry, the book stores don't have their order in yet. Restaurants? Someone misplaced the order and Ottawa—with the once-fabled Hall of Fame—hasn't even the stadium is standing it was stuck with four years ago.

One small civil must be established here. It is not to suggest Ottawa is an unpleasant place for those who live there. That is the entire point. It is not a place playground for those who have their means vied into the public place. Everyone who lives there has a vested interest in the process. Because it is not the main path to anywhere, it is not in the mainstream of the country's thought process.

Because it is a city without pressure—without real marketing pressure and the unimportance of the business of real estate—it is therefore a city without decisions, without priorities, a serene orchardland where salaries and economy and income never pinch. It is the equivalent of an Amos and Andy city where procrastination—rather than pressure—goes to bed.

It is a village (misleadingly) as a city that thinks everything that happens here is terribly important and that nothing that happens outside can ever be important. In fact, in the village newspaper grows more more abundant and comfortable, a simply increases its isolation from the real world. Do you really want your country run by a government that includes a guy who has never heard of Guy Lafleur?

They may not be rich and they may be wealthy, but they're not off it. The destiny of this little place are simply not connected with reality. Barth Gimble and Guy Lafleur may be strange touchstones to judge a city's character, but they're not. The *Toronto Star* paper for a long suburbs that is Ottawa. City life.



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